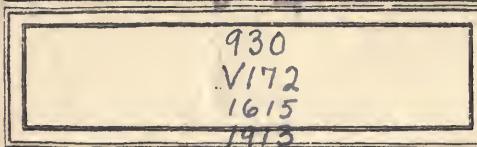
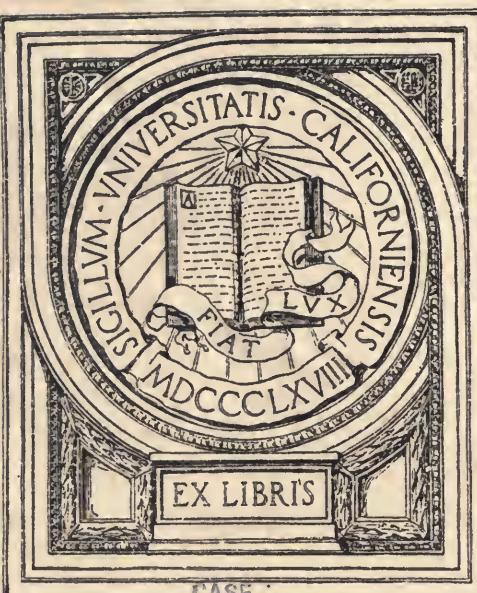


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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

The Valiant Welshman

“Written by R. A. Gent”

Date of earliest known quarto 1615

(B.M. C 34. b. 51.)

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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

The Valiant Welshman

“Written by R. A. Gent”

1615

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS
MCMXIII

Mr. Wm.
H. Muller

The Valiant Welshman

“Written by R. A. Gent”

1615

*The original of this facsimile is in the British Museum,
Pressmark C 34. b. 51.*

*The “R. A. Gent” has been associated with Robert Armin,
the actor, but without corroborative evidence supporting this reading
of the initials. The late Mr. Dutton Cook (s.v. ARMIN in
“D.N.B”) said “the publisher may have wished the public to
infer that Robert Armin was the author.”*

JOHN S. FARMER.



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THE
VALIANT
VVELSH MÁN,
OR
THE TRVE CHRONI-
cle History of the life and valiant
deedes of CARADOC the Great,
King of Cambria, now called
W A L E S.

As it hath beene sundry times Acted by
the Prince of Wales his seruants.

Written by R. A. Gent.



LONDON,

Imprinted by George Purflowe for Robert Lownes,
and are to be folde at his shoppe at the
Little North dore of Paules.

1615.

NO VIEJO
AUDIOPOLIS



TO THE INGENVOVS READER.

AS it hath been a custome of long continuance, as well in Rome the Capitall City, as in diuers other renowned Cities of the world, to haue the liues of Princes and worthy men, acted in their Theatres, and especially the conquests & victories which their owne Princes and Captains had obtained, thereby to incourage their youths to follow the steps of their ancefters; which custome euen for the faine purpose, is tolerated in our Age, although some peeuijh people feeme to dislike of it: Amongſt ſo many valiant Princes of our English Nation, vvhofe liues haue already euen cloyed the Stage, I ſearched the Chronicles of elder ages, vvherein I found amongſt diuers renovvned persons, one Brittish Prince, who of his enemies, receiued the title of *Valiant Britaine*, his name was *Caradoc*, he was King of *Siluria, Ordorica, and March*, which Countries are now called, *South-Wales, North-Wales, and the Marches*; and therefore being borne in Wales, and King of Wales, I called him the *valiant Welshman*; he liued about the yere of our Lord, 70. *Cornelius Tacitus* in his 12. booke, ſayth, that hee held warres 9. years againſt all the Romane puissance; but in the end hee was betrayed by *Cartismanda Queene of Brigance*, and ſo conuayed to Rome in triumph, ſo that the name of *Caradoc* was famous in Rome at that time: wherfore finding him ſo highly commended amongſt the Romans, who were then Lords of all the world, and his enemies; I thought it fit amongſt ſo many Worthies, whose liues haue already been both acted and printed, his life haing already bin acted with good applause, to be likewife worthy the printing; Hoping that you will censure indifferently of it; and ſo I bid you farevvell.



The Actors names.

Fortune.

Bard.

Ostanian King of North-Wales.

Guiniver his daughter.

Codigune his base sonne.

The Duke of Cornewall.

The Earle of Gloster.

Morgan Earle of Anglesey.

Pheander his sonne, the Fayry champion.

Ratbane his man. A Iugler.

Cadallan Prince of March, with his three sons, and his daughter Voada.

Caradoc, Mauron and Constantine.

Monmouth an usurper.

Gederus King of Brittaine.

Gald his brother.

Venusiss Duke of Yorke.

Cartismande his wife.

Claudius Cesar the Emperour.

Ostorius Scapula the Romanes Lieutenant.

Marcus Gallicus his sonne.

Manlius Valens, and Cessius

Nasica, 2. Tribunes of the Romanes.

A Witch, and her sonne Bluso.

The Clomme with a company of Ruffickes.

A Shepheard.

An olde man.

THE





THE VALIANT WELSHMAN.

ACTVS I. SCENA I.

Fortune descends downe from heauen to the Stage, and then shew
cals foorth fourre Harpers, that by the sound of their Mu-
sickē they might awake the ancient Bardes, a kind of Welsh
Poet, who long agoe was there intoombed...

Fortune.

THus from the high Imperiall Seate of Ione,
Romes awfull Goddesse, Chaunce, descends to view
This Sta ge and Theater of mortall men,
Whose acts and scenes diuisible by me,
Sometime present a swelling Tragedy
Of discontented men; sometimes againe
My smiles can mould him to a Comicke vayne:
Sometimes like *Niobe*, in teares I drowne
This Microcosme of man; and to conclude,
I seale the Lease of mans beatitude:
Amongst the seuerall obiects of my frownes,
Amongst the sundry subiects of my siniles,
Amongst so many Kings housde vp in clay,
Behold, I bring a King of Cambria:
To whom great *Pyrrhus*, *Hector* poysde in scales
Of dauntlesse valour, weighs not this Prince of Wales.

Be

THE VALIANT

Be dumbe you scornefull English, whose blacke mouthes
Haue dim'd the glorious splendor of those men,
Whose resolution merites *Homers* penne:
And you, the types of the harmonious spheares,
Call with your siluer tones, that reuerend *Bardh*,
That long hath slept within his quiet vrne,
And let his tongue this Welshmans Crest adorne.

*The Harpers play, and the Bardh riseth from
his Tombe.*

Bardh. Who's this disturbs my rest?

Fortune. None, Poet Laureat: but a kind request
Fortune prefers vnto thy ayry shape,
That once thou wouldest in well-tunde meeter sing
The high-swolne fortunes of a worthy King,
That valiant Welshman, *Caradoc* by name,
That foylde the haughty Romanes, crackt their fame.

Bardh. I well remember, powerfull Deity,
Arch-gouernesse of this terrestriall Globe,
Goddesse of all mutation man affords,
That in the raigne of Romes great Emperour,
Ycleped *Claudian*, when the Bryttish Ile
Was tributary to that conquering See,
This worthy Prince suruiued, whose puissant might
Was not inferiour to that sonne of *Ione*,
Who, in his cradle chokte two hidcous Snakes.
Which, since my Fortune is to speake his worth,
My vtmost skill aliue shall paint him forth.

Fort. Then to thy taske, graue *Bardh*: tell to mens eare,
Fame plac't the valiant Welshman in the spheare. *Exit.*

Bardh. Then, since I needs must tell the high designes
Of this braue Welshman, that succeeding times,
In leaues of gold, may register his name,
And feare a Pyramys vnto his fame;
This onely doe I craue, that in my song,

At-

WELSHMAN.

Attention guyde your cares, silence your tongue.
Then know all you, whose knowing faculties
Of your diuiner parts scorne to insist
On sensuall obiects, or on naked sense,
But on mans highest Alpes, Intelligence.
For to plebeyan wits, it is as good,
As to be silent, as not vnder stood.
Before faire *Wales* her happy Vnion had,
Blest Vnion, that such happinesse did bring,
Like to the azure rooſe of heauen full packt
With those great golden Tapers of the night,
Whose ſpheares ſweat with their numbers infinite;
So was it with the ſpacious bounds of *Wales*,
Whose firmament contaynd two glorious ſonneſ,
Two Kings, both mighty in their arch-cōmands,
Though both not lawfull in their gouernement:
The one *Ottanian* was, to whom was left,
By lineall deſcent, each gouernment:
But that proud Earle of *Munmouth* ſtealing fire,
Of high ambition did one thronc aspire,
Which by base vſurpation he detaines.
Of lawfull (right) vnlawfull treaſon gaines.
Twife, in two haughty ſet Battalions,
The base vſurper *Munmouth* got the day:
And now *Ottanian* ſpurde with griefe and rage,
Conducted by a more propitious ſtarre,
Himſelfe in person comes to *Shrewsbury*,
Where the great Earle of March, great in his age,
But greater in the circuit of his power,
Yet greatest in the fortunes of his ſonneſ,
The Father of our valiant *Welſhman* calld,
Himſelfe, his warlike ſonneſ, and all doth bring,
To ſupplant Treafon, and to plant their King.
No more Ile ſpeake: but this olde *Barde* intreats,
To keepe your vnderſtanding and your ſeates.

B

A.C.

THE VALIANT

ACTVS I. SCENA 2.

Enter Oetanian, King of Northwales, Gloster, Codigunes
base sonne, Morgan, Earle of Anglesey, and his
foolish sonne with souldiers.

Oetanian. Gloster, Lord Codigune,
And Noble Morgan, Earle of Anglesey,
Can the vsurping name of Monmouth liue
VVithin the ayry confines of your soules,
And not infect the purest temprature
Of loyalty and sworne allegiance,
With that base Apoplexie of reuolt,
And egre appetite of soueraigne might,
Counting the greatest wrong, the greatest right.
Full many Moones haue these two aged lights
Beheld in peacefull wife: Now, to my grieve,
When the pure oyle, that fed these aged Lampes,
Is almost spent, and dimly shines those beames,
That in my youth darted forth spritefull rayes,
Must now die miserable and vndone,
By monstrous and base usurpation.

Codig. Thrise noble king, be patient, this I reade,
The Gods haue feet of wooll, but hands of lead:
And therefore in reuenge as sure, as slow.
What though two Royall Armies we haue lost?
He that bears man about him, must be crost:
And that base Monmouth, that with his goldēhead
Salutes the Sunne, may with the Sunne fal dead.
For base Rebellion drawes so short a breath,
That in the day she moues, she moues to death:
And like the Marigold opens with the Sunne,
But at the night her pride is shut and done.

Morgan. Harke you, me Lord Codigune,
By the pones of Saint Tany, you haue prattled to the King
a great

W E L S H M A N .

a great deale of good Phisicke, and for this one of her good lessons and destructions, how call you it, be Cad, I know not very well, I wil fight for you with all the *George Stones*, or the *Ursa maiers* ynder the Sunnes. Harke you me, Kings: I pray you now, good Kings, leaue your whimbling, and your great proclamations: let death come at her, and ha can catch her, and pray God blesse her. As for the Rebell *Monmouth*, I kanow very wel what I will do with her, I will make Martlemas beefe on her flesh, and false dice on her bones for euery Conicatcher: I warrant her for *Cafe bobby* and *Metheglin*: I will make her pate ring noone for all her resurrections and rebellions.

Ottanian. But soft, what Drum is this, *The Drumme*
That with her silent march salutes the ayre? *soundeth a-*
Herald, go see ~~and comynge~~ *farre off*.

Herald. And t'please your Grace, *Cadallan*, Earle of March
Spurrd on, by duty and obsequious loue,
Repining at the Fortune of your foe,
Whose rauening tyranny deuoures the liues
Of innocent subiects, now in person comes,
To scourge base usurpation with his sonnes.

Otta. Conduct them to our presence. *Enter March*.
Welcome, braue Earle, with these thy manly sonnes:
Neuer came raine vnto the Sunne-parcht earth,
In more auspicious time, then thy supply,
To scourge usurping pride and soueraignety.

Cadallan. Oh my gracious Lord, *Enter March*
Cadallan comes drawne by that powerfull awe
Of that rich Adamant his soule adores. *Enter March*
The needles poynt is not more willing to salute the North,
Man ioyfuller to sit inshrinde in heauen,
Then is my loyalty to ayde my King. *Enter March*
I know, dread Liege, that each true man should know,
To what intent dame Nature brought him forth:
True subiects are like Commons, who should feede
Their King, their Country, and their friends at need.

sub

B 2

Otta.

THE VALIANT

Otta. Braue Earle of March, I need not here delude
The precious time with vaine capituling
Our own hereditary right. Graues to the dead,
Balsum to greene wounds, or a soule to man
Is not more proper, then *Ottawian*
To the vsupered Title *Monmouth* holds.
Then once more on : this be our onely trust:
Heauens suffer wrongs : but Angels gard the iust. *Excuse.*

ACTVS I. SCENA 3.

*Enter Monmouth the usurper in armes with
Souldiers.*

Mon. Now valiant Countreynien, once more prepare
Your hands and hearts vnto a bloody fight.
Sterne Mars beginnes to buckle on his helme,
And waues his sanguine colours in the ayre :
Recount, braue spirits, two glorious victories,
Got with the death of many thousand soules.
Thinke on the cause, for which we stand ingagde,
Euen to the hazard of our goods and liues :
That were *Ottawians* forces like the starres,
Beyond the limits of Arithmetike :
Or equall to the mighty *Xerxes* hoste :
Yet like the poles, our dauntlesse courage stands,
Vnshaken by their feeble multitudes. *The Drum.*
But soft : what Drum is this? Souldiers, look out. *beats a-*
Did *Cesar* come, this welcome he shoulde haue, *farre off.*
Strong armes, bigge hearts, and to conclude, a graue.

Souldiers. My Lord *Ottawian*,
Backt with the Earle of March and his three sonnes,
Intends to giue you battell.

Mon. No more, no more: fond doting Earle :
Is not there roome enough within Churchyards,
To earth his a ged bodie, with his sonnes,

But

W E L S H M A N.

But hee must bither come to make their graues?
Drums, beat aloud. Ile not articulate.
My soule is drown'd in rage. This bloudy fight
Shall toombe their bodies in eternal night. *Exeunt. Alarum.*

Enter Cadallan wounded, with his sonnes.

Caradoc. Rot from his cursed trunke that villaines arme,
That gaue this fatall wound to reuerend age.
How fares our Princely father?

Cad. As fares the sick man, when the nights blacke bird
Beates at his casements with his sable wings :
Or as the halfe dead captiue being condemn'd,
Awaites the churlish Taylors scarcefull call.
Out of his lothsome dungeon to his death :
So fares it with the wounded Earle of March:
The current of my bloud begins to freeze,
Toucht by the Icy power of gelid death:
A sad Eclipse darkens these two bright lights :
My vitall spirits faint, my pulses cease,
And natures fraine dissolues to natures peace,
All by that damn'd usurper. *He dies.*

Cara. Eternall peace, free from the hate of men,
Inspheare thy soule, and mount it to the stars.
Brothers, surcease your griefe, goe to the field,
Cheare vp the Souldiers, whilst I singe forth
This bloudy *Monmouth*, that I may sacrifice
His canceld life vnto my fathers ghost,
And rid the land of this Egean filth,
His usurpation stables. Oh, tis good,
To scourge with death, that crying sinne of bloud.

Morgan meets Caradoc going in.

Morgan. Cousin Caradoc, well, in all these pribble prabbles, I pray you, how dooth our vncle Cadallan? bee Cad, I heard he had got a knocke: if it bee so, I pray you looke that the leane Caniball, what doe you call him that

THE VALIANT

eate vp *Julius Cesars* and *Pompeyes*: a saucy knaue, that cares no more for Kings, then lowsie beggers & Chimney-sweepers.

Cara. Why, death, man.

Morgan. I, I, Death, a poxe on her: as Cad shudge mee, hee will eate more Emperours and Kings at one meale, then some Taylors halfe-penny loaues, or Vsurers decayed shentlemen in a whole yeaire: therefore I pray you Cousin, haue a care of her vnicle.

Cara. He is in heauen already.

Morgan. In heauen! why did you let her goe thither?

Cara. It is a place of rest, and Angels blisse.

Morgan. Angells! Cots blue-hood: I warrant her, there is ne're a Lawyer in the whole orld, but had rather haue euen shillings, then the best Anshell in heauen. I pray 'you who sent her thither?

Cara. I cannot tell, but from his dying tongue
He did report Monmouth the bloudy meanes.

Morgan. Monmouth! Iesu Christ! did hee send her vnicle to Saint Peters and Saint Paules, and not suffer her cousin Morgan to bid her Nos Dhies?harke you, Cousin, Ile seeke her out be Cad. Farewell, Cousin, Ile make her pring packe her Nuncle with a venshance.

Cara. Farewell, good Cousin; whilst I range about
The mangled bodies of this bloudy field;
To finde the Traytor forth, whose spotted soule
Ile send posthaste vnto that low Abisse,
That with the snaky furies he may dwell,
And ease Prometheus of his paines in hell. *Alarum againe.*

Enter at one dore Monmouth with Sonldiers, at the other Codigune: they fight: Monmouth beates them, in; then enter Caradoc at the other.

Caradoc. Turne thee, Vsurper, Harpey of this Clime,
Ambitious villaine, damned homicide.

Mon.

W E L S H M A N .

Mon. Fondling, thou speakest in too milde consonantes :
Thy ayry words cannot awake my spleene :
Thou woundst the subtle body of the ayre,
In whose concavuie we stand immured :
Thou giuest me cordials, and not vomits now :
Thy Phyfiche will not worke: these names thou speakeſt,
Fill vp each spongy pore vvihiſt my flesh,
With ioy intolerable : and thy kind salutes
Of villany, and ambition, best besits
The royll thoughts of Kings: Reade *Machianell*:
Princes that would afire, must mocke at hell.
Cara. Out, thou incarnate Deuill; garde thee, slauē:
Although thou fearſt not hell, Ile dig thy graue.
Mon. Stay, Prince, take measure of me first.
Cara. The Deuill hath done that long ago. *Alarum there.*

They both fight, and Caradoc killeth him.
Enter Constantine.

Const. Surcease, braue brother; Fortune hath crownd our
With a victorious wreath; Their Souldiers flee, (browes
And all their Army is discomfited.
The King sounds a retreat. What is the Traytor dead?
This act hath purchaſt honour to our name,
And crownde thec with immortall memory.
Off with his head: and let the King behold,
His greatest foe and care lies dead and cold.

A C T V S I. SCENA 4.

*Enter Offanian, Codigune, Cornwall, Gloster, Matron with
colours and soldiers.*

Offa. Here ends the life and death of bloudy warre,
Whose graue-like Paunch did neuer cry, Inough:
And welcome, Peace, that long hath liu'd exilde,

Lin.

THE VALIANT

Innurde within the Iuory wals of blisse.
Ambition now hath throwne her snaky skin,
From off her venomde backe. Oh may shes die,
Congeal'd, and neuer moue again to multiply.

Enter Caradoc, Morgan and Constantine.

Morgan. God plesse her. Be Cad, Kings, all the Sybilles
in the whole orld speake not more tales and prophesies,
then our Cousin *Morgan*: Looke you now Kings, our cou-
sin *Caradoc*, and our couisi *Constantine*, breake our fasts with
mince-pyes and Gally:nawfryes of legs and armes. Is your
Grace a hungry? If you bee, I haue prought you a Calues
head in wooll, bee Cad; tis in my Knappefacke.

Ota. Thanks, gentle Earle.

Mor. Thanks for a Pigge in a poake, tis pleeding new;
and I pray you thanke our cousin *Caradoc* for it: for as Cad
shudge me, hee was the Caterer: be Cad, hee did kill her
with one blow in the crag, as you vse to kill Conies.

Ota. Why, Cousin *Morgan*, I vse not to kill Conyes.

Mor. Do you not? Harke you me: you were a gteat deale
better to kil al the Conyes in Wales, then they to kil her. Be
Cad, I haue knowne tall men as *Hercules*, beene wounded
to death, and kicke vp her heeles in an Hospitall, by the by-
ting of a tame Conyes in the City: therefore your wilde
Conyes in the Suburbs, that eate of nothing but Mandrakes
& Turne-her-yps, mark you me now, by Sheshu, are worse
then Dog dayes.

Ota. VVell, Cousin, you are merry.
But now, braue plants of that vnhappy treec,
VVhom chaunce of warre hath leueld with the earth,
And in our cause: We cannot but lament
The sudden downefall of that aged Earle.
But since the wil of heauen is not confinde
Vnto the will of man: his soule's at rest.
Our bounties and our loue to you aliue,

Shall

W E L S H M A N .

Shall well confirme the loue we owe him dead.
And first, because your worthy selues shall see,
Our Royall thoughts adore no peasants god,
Or dung-hill'basenesse: but in that spheare we moue,
Where honour sits coequall with high *Ioue*.
To thee braue Knight, heauens chieffest instrument
Of our new-borne tranquility and peace,
We giue for thy reward, this golden Fleece,
Our Royall daughter, beautious *Guiniver*,
And after our decease, our Kingly right.
Speake, valiant Knight, wilt thou accept of this?

Cara. Accept of it, great King!
The Thracian *Orpheus* neuer entartayn'd
More loy in sight of his *Euridice*,
When with his siluer tunes he did inchaunt
The triple-headed dog, and reassumde,
His soules beatitude, from *Plutoes* Court,
Then your deuoted seruant in this gift,
Wherein such vnspected ioy concurs,
That euery sense-daunces within his blest circumference;
And calis my blisse, A Newyeeres gift from *Ioue*;
And not from that which reason or discourse
Proudly from beasts doth challenge, as from man.
In briefe, my Lord,
Looke how proud Nature in her store,
Because shee hath one Phenix and no more,
Whose indiuidual substance being but one,
Makes Nature boast of her perfection:
So ist with me, great King; more blest in this,
Then man turn'd constellatiōn, starr'd in blisse.
Her gracious answere, and I am content.

Mor. Her consent, Cousin *Caradoc*, I warrant her there
is neuer a Lady in England, but consent to giue prike and
praye to a good thing; goe you together: I warrant
her.

Otta. How now, my Lord, doe you play the Priest?

THE VALIANT

Mor. Priests! Cads blue-hood, I should be mad fellow
to make Priests: for marke you now, my Lord: the Priests
say, Let no man put her asunder: thats very good. But be-
lieue mee, and her will, it is a great deale better to put her
betweene; because the one is a curse, and the fruites of the
wombe is a great plessing.

Ota. Now Princely sonne, reach me each others hand.
Here in the sight of heauen, of God and men,
I ioyne your Nuptiall hands. Oh, may this howre
Be guided by a fayre and kind aspect.
Let no maleuolent Planet this day dart
Her hateful influence, gainst these hallowed rites.
You heauenly Pilots of the life of man,
Oh, be propitious to this sacred cause,
That God and men may seale it with applause.
So now to Ceremonies. Musicke, sound shuill thy note:
'Tis Hymens holyday; Let *Bacchus* flote.

Exeunt.

Manet solus Codigune.

Codig. Go you vnto the Church, and with your holy fires
Perfume the Altars of your country gods,
Whilst I in curses, swifter in pursute,
Then winged lightning, execrate your soules,
And all your Hymeneall iollity.
Now swels the wombe of my inuention,
With some prodigious project, and my brayne
Italianates my barren faculties
To Machiulian blacknesse. Welshman, stand fast;
Or by these holy raptures that inspire
The soule of Polititians with reuenge,
Blacke projects, deepe conceits, quaynt villanies,
By her that excommunicates my right
Of my creation, with a bastards name,
And makes me stand notisuted to a crowne;
Ile fall my selfe, or plucke this Welshman down.
Cornwall, be kild thy brother. There's the base,
Whereon my enuy shall erect the frame.

Of

W E L S H M A N .

Of his confusion. *Gloster*, I know,
Is Natures master-piece of eniuious plots,
The Cabinet of all adulterate ill
Enuy can hatch; with these I will beginne,
To make blacke enuy Primate of each sin.
Now, in the heate of all their reuelling,
Hypocrisie, Times best complexion,
Smooth all my rugged thoughts, let them appear
As brothell sinnes benighted, darkely cleare.
Lend me thy face, good *lanne*, let mee looke
Iust on Times fashion, with a double face,
And clad my purpose in a Foxes case. *Exit.*

A C T V S . S C E N A I . Sound Musick.

Enter *Ostanian, Caradoc, Guiniver, Gloster, Cornwall*
and *Codigune* unto the Bunker.

Osta. Sit, Princes, and let each man, as befits
This solemne Festiuall, tune his sullen senses,
To merry Carols, and delightsome thoughts,
Comicke inuentions, and such pleasant straines
As may decypher time to be well pleased.
All things distinguisht are into their times
And Iouiall howres, vnfit for graue designes.
A health vnto the Bride and Bridegroome. Lords,
Let it goe round. *They drinke round.*

Osta. How fares our princely Daughter?
Me thinks, your looks are too composde for such a holiday.
Gui. Oh my good Lord, to put your Highnes out of your
Which your weak argument draws frō my looks: (suspect,
Tis true, that heathen Sages haue affirmed,
That Natures Tablet fixt within our looke,
Gives scope to reade our hearts, as in a booke.
Yet this affirmatiue nor alwayes holds;
For sometimes as the vrine, that foretels

THE VALIANT

The constitution of each temperature,
It falsely wrongs the iudgement, makes our wit
Turne Mountybanke in falsely iudging it :
And like the outward parts of some fayre whore,
Deceiuers, euen in the obiect we adore :

My Lord, my soule's so rapte
In contemplation of my happy choyce,
That inward silence makes it more complete,
By how much more it is remote
From custome of a superficiall ioy,
Thats micerely incorporeall, a meere dreame,
To that essentiall ioy my thoughts conceyue..

Otta. How learnedly hath thy perswasive toung
Discouered a new passage vnto ioy,
In mentall reseruation? True ioy is strung
Best with the heart-strings, sounds onely in the tongue.
But where's Sir *Morgan*, Earle of Anglesey?
He promised vs some pleasant masking sight,
To crowne these Nuptials with their due delight.

Enter Morgans foolish sonne, Morion.

Morion. Oh my Lord, my father is comming to your
Grace, with such a many of Damsons and shee Shittle-
cockes : They smell of nothing in the world but Rozin
and Coblers waxe ; such a many lights in their heeles, &
lungs in their hands, aboue all cry, yfaith..

Enter the Maske of the Fayry Queene with fourre Harpers;
before they daunce, one of them singeth a Welsh song: they
daunce, and then the foole, Earle Morgans sonne, falleth in
loue with the Fayry Queene.

Morion. By my troth, my stomacke rumbleth at the ve-
ry conceit of this Iamall loue, cuen from the sole of my
head, to the crowne of the footc. Surely, I will haue
more.

W E L S H M A N .

more acquaintance of that Gentlewoman; me thinks she daunceth like a Hobby-horse.

After the daunce, a Trumpet within.

Ota. Thanks, Cousin *Morgan.*
But soft, what Trumpets this?
Constan. A messenger, my Lord, from King *Gederus*,
King of Brytayne, delires accessie vnto your Maiesy.

Ota. Admit him to our presence.

Enter Ambassadour.

Ambass. Health to this princely presence, and speci-
ally, to great *Otanian*; for vnto him I must direct my
speech.

Ota. To vs? then freely speake the tenor of thy speech,
And wee as freely will reply to it.
Thy Master is a Prince, whom wee affect,
For honourable causes knowne to vs:
Then speake, as if the power we haue to graunt,
Were tied to his desire.

Amb. Then know, great King, that now *Gederus* stands,
As in a Labyrinth of hope and feare,
Vncertaine eyther of his life and Crowne.
The Romane *Claudius Cesar*, with an hoste,
Of matchlesse numbers, bold and resolute,
Are marching towards Brittayn, arind with rage,
For the denying Tribute vnto Rome,
By force and bloudy warre to conquer it,
And eyther winne Brittayne with the sword,
Or make her stoope vnder the Romane yoke.
Now, mighty King, since Brittayne, through the world,
Is counted famous for a generous Ile,
Scorning to yeeld to forraine seruitude,
Gederus humbly doth desire your ayde,
To backe him agaist the pride of Romane *Cesar*,
And force his Forces from the Brittish shores:

THE VALIANT

Which being done with speede, he vowes to tye
Himselfe to Wales, in bonds of amity.

Olt. Legate, this news hath pleaseid *Ottawian* wel.
The Bryttaynes are a Nation free and bold,
And scorne the bonds of any forrayne foe;
A Nation, that by force was ne're subdude,
But by base Treasons politikely forst.

Clandinus forgets, that when the Bryttish Ile
Scarce knew the meaning of a strangers march,
Great *Julius Cesar*, fortunate in armes,
Suffred three base repulses from the Clifffes
Of chalky Douer:

And had not Bryttayne to her selfe prou'd false,
Cesar and all his Army had beene toombde
In the vast bosome of the angry sea.
Sonne *Caradoc*, how thinke you of this worthy enterprise?
Yet tis vnsit, that on this sudden warning,
You leaue your fayre wife, to the Theoricke
Of matrimoniall pleasure and delight.

Cara. Oh my good Lord, this honourable cause
Is able to inflame the coward brest
Of base *Thersites*, to transforme a man,
Thats Planet strooke with *Saturne*, into *Mars*;
To turne the Caucasus of peasant thoughts,
Into the burning *Etna* of reuenge,
And manly Execution of the foe.
What man is he, if Reason speake him man,
Or honour spurs on, that immortall fame
May canonize his Acts to after times,
And Kingly *Homers* in their Swanlike tunes
Of spharelike Musicke, of sweet Poesie,
May tell their memorable acts in verse;
But at the natne of Romanes, is all warre,
All courage, all compact of manly vigour
Totally magnanimious, fit to cope
Euen with a band of Centaures, or a hoast

Of

W E L S H M A N .

Of Cretan Minotaures? Then let not me be bard:
The way to honour's craggy, rough, and hard.

Ota. Go on, & prosper, braue resolued Prince.

Car. Faire Princesse, be not you dismayed at this;
Tis honour bids me leave you for a while.

Twill not long be absent. All the world,
Except this honourable accident,
Could not intreat, what now I must performe,
Being ingadged by honour. Let it suffice,
That joy that liues with thee, without thee dies.

Guin. Sweet Lord, ech howre whilst you return, Ile pray,
Honour may crowne you with a glorious day.

Cara. Then here Ile take my leave; He kisst his
First, as my duty binds, of you great King. hand.
Next, of you, fayre Princesse. He kisst her.
Come brothers, and Lord Morgan, I must intreat
Your company along.

Mor. Fare you well, great King: our Cousin ap Caradoc and I, will make Cesar, with all her Romanes, runne to the Teuils arse a peake, I warrant her. Exeunt.

I pray you looke vnto her sonne there: bee Cad, hee hath no more wit in his pates, then the arrantest Cander at Coose fayre. Exit.

Ota. Come, daughter, now let's in.
He that loues honour, must his honour winne. Exeunt.

A C T V S 2. S C E N A 2.

Enter the Bardh, or Welsh Poet.

Bard. Thus haue you seen, the valiant Caradoc,
Mounting the Chariot of eternall fame;
Whom, mighty Fortune, Regent of this Globe,
Which Nauig ators call terrestriall,
Attends vpon: and like a careful Nurse,
That sings sweet Lullabies vnto her babe,

Crowns

THE VALIANT

Crowns her beloued Minion with content,
And sets him on the highest Spire of Fame.
Now to *Gederus*, King of warlike Britayne,
Opprest with Romane Legions is he gone,
Spur'd on vwith matchlesse resolution,
And in the battell, as your selues shall see,
Fights like a *Nemean Lyon*,
Or like those Giants, that to cope vwith *Ione*,
Hurl'd *Osla* vpon *Peleon*, heap'd hill on hill,
Mountaine on mountaine, in their boundles rage.
But in the meane time dreadlesse of trecherous plots,
The Bastard playes his *Rex*, whose ancient sore
Beginnes to fester, and now breakes the head
Of that Impostume malice had begot.
Now *Cornewall*, *Gloster*, twinnes of some *Incubus*,
And sone and heyre to hells Imperiall Crowne,
The Bastard *Codigune*, conspire the death
Of olde *Ottanian*. Those that faine would know
The manner how, obserue this silent show.

Enter a dumbe show; *Codigune*, *Gloster* and *Cornwall* at the one dore: After they consult a little while, enter at the other dore, *Ottanian*, *Guinuier*, and *Voada*, the sister of *Caradoc*: they seeme by way of intreay, to insuite them: they offer a cup of wine vnto *Ottanian*, and he is poysoned. They take *Guinuier* and *Voada*, and put them in prison. *Codigune* is crowned King of Wales.

Bard. The trecherous Bastard, with his complices,
Cornewall and *Gloster*, did inuite the King,
Fayre *Guinuier* and beautious *Voada*,
The sister of renowned *Caradoc*,
Vnto a sumptuous feast, yvhose costly outside
Gauc no suspition to a foule intent.
And had *Cassandra* (as she did at Troy)
Foretell the danger of the Grecian horse,

That

W E L S H M A N .

That *Sinon* counterfeyted with his teares,) .
Prefaged this Treason; like to some nightly dream
Of some superfluous brayne begot in wine,
It had beene onely fabulous, and extin^t&
Euen with the same breath, that she brought it forth,
Like some abortiue Oracle, so beguiles
The Syrens songs, and teares of Crocodiles.
At this great banquet, great *Ostanian*
Was poysoned, and the wife of *Caradoc*,
Together with his beautiuous sister led
Vnto a lothsome prison, and the Crowne
Inuested on the head of *Codigunc*
The enuious Bastard. Here leaue we them a while :
And now to Bryttayne let vs steare the course
Of our attention, where this worthy Sunne
That shines within the firmament of Wales,
Was like himselfe, thrice welcom'd, till the spleene
Of that malicious *Gloster* did pursue
In certaine letters, sent to *Gederus* King,
Whose sister he had maried, his defame
Wales lost, in liuely Scenes weele shew the same.

A C T V S 2. S C E N A 3. Exit Bardh.

Enter *Gederus*, King of Bryttaine, Prince *Gald*,
Caradoc, Lord *Morgan*, *Manron* and
Conftamine.

Gede. Once more, braue Peeres of Wales, welcome to
Hericin *Ostanian* shewes his kingly loue, (Bryttayne.
That in this rough sea of inuasion,
When the high swelling tempests of these times
Oreflow our Bryttish banks, and *Cesars* rage,
Like to an Inundation, drownes our land,
To send so many warlike Souldiours,
Conducted by the flowres of famous Wales.

D

Now

T.H.E. V A L L A N T

Now *Cesar*, vwhen thou dar'st, vvee are prepared.
Brittaines vwould rather die, then be outdared.
But soft, vwhat messenger is this?

Enter a Messenger with a letter.

Speake Messenger, from whom, or whence thou commest.

Mess. From Wales, my Lord, sent in all post-haste,
From noble Earle of Gloster, to your Grace,
With this letter.

Gederus reades it.

Mor. From Wales! I pray you, good postes and messengers, tell vs, how fares all our friends, our Cousin *ap Guinuer*, *ap Caradoc*, *ap Voada*.

Mess. I know them not. *He strikes him.*

Morgan, Cads blue-hood, know not our Cousin? Ile giue her such a blow on the pate, Ile make her know her cousins. Cads zwownes, heo had best tell her, he knowes not her nose on her face. This fellow was porne at hogs Norton, where pigges play on the Organ. Posts call you her? Sploud, were a siniple Carpenter to build house on such posts: not know our Cousins?

Gederus. This letter from our brother *Gloster* sent, *Intreats me, not to trust the gilded outsidess* *Of these strangers. We know our brother well.*

He is a man of honourable parts,
Judicious, vpon no slight surmisse,
Giues vs intelligence, it shall bee so.
Weele trust a friend, afore an vndeowne foe.
Prince *Caradoc*, you with your forces lye vpon yon hill,
From whence, vnfesse you see our Army faint,
Or discouraged by the Romane bands,
There keepe your standing. *A Drum a faire off.*

Harke, Romane *Cesar* comes: now Brittaines fight, *Alarm.*

Like *Brutus* sonnes, for freedom and for right,
Exeunt Gederus and his company. *Caradoc, Mason, Constantine, & Morgan* *remain.*

Cara. Disgraced by letters, shifted to a hill? *End.*

W E L S H M A N .

Fond King, thy words, and all the trecherous plots
Of secret mischiefe, sinke into the gulfe
Of my obliuion: memory, be dull,
And thinke no more on these disgracefull ayres,
My fury relisht. King,
Set punies to keepe hils, that scarce haue read
The first materiall Elements of warre,
That winke to see a Canoneere giue fire,
And like an Aspin, shakes his coward ioynts,
At musket shot. Within these noble veynes,
There runnes a current of such high-borne bloud,
Achilles well may father for his owne.
These honourable sparkes of man wee keepe,
Descended linially from *Hectors* race,
And must be put in action. Shall I stand,
Like gazing Figure-flingers on the statres,
Obserning motion, and not moue my selfe?
Hence with that basenesse. I that am a starre,
Must moue, although I moue irregular.
Goe you vnto the hill, in some disguise.
Ile purchase honour by this enterprise. *Exeunt. Alarum.*

A C T V S 2. S C E N A 4.

Enter at the one dore *Gederus*, and Prince *Gald*: at the other, *Claudius*, and common Souldiers. They fight. *Claudius* beates them in. Then enters *Caradoc*, and pursues *Claudius*. Presently enters *Cesir* and *Caradoc* fighting.

Claud. Hold, valiant Bryttaine, hold thy warlike hands.

Cara. Then yeld thy selfe, proud Romane,
Or by those gods the Brytraines doe adore,
Not all thy Romane hoste shall saue thy life.

Claud. Then souldiour, (for thy valour speakes thee so,)
Know, that thou hast no common prisoner,

THE VALIANT

But such a one, whose eminence and place
Commaunds officious duety through Rome:
Then if thy inward parts deserue no lesse
In honours eye, then thy meane habite shewes,
Release me, that a publike infamy
Fall not vpon me by the scandalous hoste,
Whose Criticke censure, to my endlesse shame,
Will runne diuision on the chaunce of warre,
And brand my fortune with blacke obloquy :
And by my honour, that the Romanes hold
As deare as life, or any other good
The heauens can giue to man, the battell donne,
Ile pay my ransome in a treble some.

Ca. Know, Romane, that a Brytrayne scorns thy gold.
Let *Midas* broode adore that Deity,
And dedicate his soule vnto this saint :
Souldiours haue mines of honourable thoughts,
More wealthy then the Indian veynes of gold,
Beyond the value of rich Tagus shore :
Their Eagle-feathered actions scorne to stoope
To the base lure of vsurers and slaues.
Let painefull Marchants, whose huge riding ships
Teare vp the furrowes of the Indian deepe,
To shun the slauish load of pouerty,
Gape after massie golde : the wealth we craue,
Are noble actions, and an honoured graue.
Ile take no money, Romane :
But since thou seemest no counterfeit impression,
But bear'st the Royall Image of a man,
Giue me some priuate token from thy hands,
That's generally knowne vnto thy friends,
That if by chance I coine to Rome,
I may be knowne to be your friend.

Claud. Here, worthy Brytrayne, take this golden Lyon,
And weare it about thy necke : This when thou commest,
Will quickly finde me out, Souldiour, adieu.

Cesar

W E L S H M A N.

Cesar is bound both to the gods and you.

Exit.

Enter Prince Gald. They sound a retreat.

Gald. The Romane Eagle hangs her haggard wings,
And all the Army's fled; all by the strength
And opposition of one common man,
In shew, not farre superiour to a Souldiour,
That's hyred with pay, or prest vnto the field :
But in his manly carriage, like the sonne
Of some vnconquered valiant Mermedon.
Sure, tis some god-like spirite, that obscures
His splendour in these base and borrowed clouds
Of common Souldiours habit. All my thoughts
Are wrapt in admiration, and I am deepe in loue
With those perfections, onely that my eye
Beheld in that fayre obiect. Thus haue I left the field,
To interchange a word or two with him.
And see, in happy time he walkes alone.
Well met, braue souldiour : may a Prince be bolde
To aske thy name, thy nation and thy birth?

Cara. Fayre Prince, you question that you know already.
I am not what I seeme, but hither sent, *He discloses*
On honourable termes, to ayd this King : *himselfe.*
Which he vnkingly, basely did refuse,
And in reward of this his proffered good,
Vngratefully returnd (what other Kings
With princely donatiues would recompence) .
My seruice with iniurious contempt:
But I, in lieu of this disgracefull wrong,
Haue done him right, and through the iawes of death,
Haue brought a glorious triumph to his Crowne,
And hung sweet peace about his palace gates.
True honour should doe that, which enuy hates.

Gald. Fayre Map of honour, where my reason reades
Each nauigable circle, that contains

THE VALIANT

My happy voyage to the land of fame :
Say, vertuous Prince, may *Ga*ld become so blest
To follow thy fayre hopes, and linke his soule
In an united league of endlesse loue :
Nor scorne a Princes proffer : for by heauen,
What I intrude, thy vertue hath inforst,
And like the powerfull Loadstone, drawne my thoughts
To limne out vertue: for exactly done,
By artificiall nature, to the life,
In thy fayre modell shaddowed curiously,
How like *Pigmalian*, do my passions dote
On this fayre picture! will you accept me Prince?

Cara. Most willingly, kind Prince :
And may as yet this *Embro* of our loues
Grow to his manly vigour : 'tis loue alone,
That, of diuided soules, makes onely one.
Who then adores not loue, whose sacred power
Vnites those soules, diuision would deuoure?
Come, gentle Prince, let vs goe see our friends
I lefft vpon yon Hill, to keepe our forts,
And thence to Wales, where double joyes attend
A beautidous wife, and a most constant friend. *Exeunt,*

A C T V S 2. SCENA 5.

*Enter Morion, the foolish Knight, and his man
Ratbane.*

Morion. Come, *Ratbane*: Oh the intolerable paine that
I suffer for the loue of the Fayry Queene ! my hecles are all
kybde in the very heate of my affection, that runnes down
into my legs : me thinkes I could eate vp a whole Brokers
shoppe at a meale, to be eased of this loue.

Ratf. Oh master, you would haue a villainous many of
pawnes in your belly. Why, you are of so vveake a nature,
you vwould hardly digest a Seruingsmans Liuerie in your
belly, vwithout a vomit. *Mo-*

W E L S H M A N .

Morion. I assure thee, thou fayest true, tis but grosse
meate. But *Ratſbane*, thou toldſt mee of a rare fellow, that
can tell misfortunes, and can coniure: prethee bring me to
him. He giue him somewhat, to helpe mee to speake with
the Fayry Queene.

Wholſe face like to a Butchers doublet lookes,
Varniſht with tallow of ſome beautious Ox; *Ox*;
Or like the aprons of ſome Pie-corner Cookes,
Wholſe breath ſmels ſweeter then a hunted Foxe :
Wholſe eyes, like two great foot-balls made of lether,
Were made to heate the gods in frosty weather.

Ratſb. Oh, happy that man, that hath a bedfellow of theſe
amiable parts. Oh master, iſ her viſible parts bee ſuſh, her
inuifible parts are able to make an Italian run r ad : hee
loues an armful. But master, ſee, heres the man I told you of.

Enter the Juggler and his man.

Juggler. You know my mind, ſir, be gone.
I haue obſeru'd this Idiot, and intend,
To gull the Coxecombe : therefore I did tranſlate
My ſelue this day into this cunning ſhape.
I oft haue heard the foole ſtrongly perfwade
Himſelfe, to be the Fayry Queenes chiefe Loue,
And that by her he ſhall ſubdue the Turke,
And plucke great Otoman from off his thronue.
This I will worke on.

Morion. Sir, andt ſhall please you, I come to know ſome
of that excellent ſkill, the world hath bliſterde mine cares
with.

Ing. Sir Thomas Morion, for ſo are you called,
Darling vnto the beautious Fayry Queene;
Your fortunes ſhall bee ſuſh, as all the world
Shall wonder at Pheanders noble name :
For otherwife, ſo are you alſo named.
I know to what intent you hither come :
You come to ſee your Loue, the Fayry Queen;
And talke with her here in this ſilent place,

Her

THE VALIANT

Her nimble Fayries, and her selfe do vse
Oft to repayre : and long it will not be,
Ere she com hither: but thus much you must know
You must not talke to her, as to a Queene
Of earthly substance : for she is a pure
And simple spirit, without Elements:
Wherefore, without any mortall thing
That may annoy her most immortall sense,
You must goe, humbly creeping on your hands,
Without your Doublet, Rapier, Cloke or Hose,
Or any thing that may offend her nose.
And see, see, yonder she comes ; if you wil speake with her,
You must doe as I tell you.

Enter the Fayry Queene.

Morion. Oh helpe me quickly;
Come, Ratshane, vncase, my loue is come.

He strips himselfe, and creepes vpon his hands, with his man.
Great Queene, thou soueraigne of Pheanders heart,
Vouchsafe a word vnto thy Mayden Knight,
That bowes his guts vnto thy mighty face.

Fayry Q. Follow me this way.

Shee falleth downe under the Stage, and he followes her, and falleth into the ditch.

Morion. Helpe, Ratshane, helpe, helpe.

Ratf. Help? why, where are you? I thought you had been
in the hole by this time; Come, giue me your hand. You
follow the Fayry Queene?

Mor. Come, come, say nothing : weele goe home like
fooles as we came.

Come, my clothes, my clothes,

Ratf. Codslid, clothes! Now we may goe home worse
fooles then we came. Sfoot, this cunning Rascall meanes
to set vs a hay making. Sfoote, we are fitte for the Dogge-
house, we are flayde already.

Mor. Well, we may goe home with the naked truth.
Its no matter, A mans a man, though hee haue but a hose
on his head.

Enter

W E L S H M A N .

A C T V S 3. S C E N A 1.

Enter Codigune, Gloster, and Cornwall with Souldiours vp in Armes.

Codig. Now friends and fellow Souldiours in iust Arms,
Prepare your selues against the haughty foe,
Who, as wee heare, marches not farre from hence.
What we haue done, by force weele make it good,
Or seale our bold attempts, with death and bloud.

Glost. King, keepe your owne; maugre all opposition,
If he come hither to demaund your right,
And with his rebell troopes disturbe the peace
Of what both gods and men haue made your own,
Maintain the quarrel with your awfull power,
Be it right or wrong; behauie your selfe like *One*,
And strike with thunder his base insolence:
Discouer not what is done, nor how, nor when.
Onely Kings wils are Lawes for other men.

Enter a Messenger.

Codig. What tidings brings this sweating Messenger?
Messen. My Lord, Prince *Caradoc*, returnd from Brittaine,
Is with his Army marching hitherwards.

Cod. He comes vnto his death. Now, Codigune,
Banish al timorous thoughts: think what thou art;
A King. That word is able to infuse
Boldnesse, as infinite, as that we call
The worlds first mouer. Why, the name of King
Were able to create a man of stone,
With more then animall courage, to inspire
Dulnesse, with nerued resolution.
Then, Codigune, like *Atlas*, on thy backe,
Support thy Kingdomes Arch, vntill it cracke.
March forward.

Exeunt.

THE VALIANT

ACTVS 3. SCENA 2.

Enter *Caradoc, Gald, Mauren, Constantine, Lord Morgan, Earle of Anglesey, with colours and Souldours.*

Cara. I was not wont, deare friends, to be so dull.
I am all lead, as if my subtle soule
Had left his lodging in this houise of clay.
Each empty corner of my faculties,
And vnderstanding powers, swell with dreames
And dire preslages of some future ill:
Gastly and fearefull specters haunt my sleepe.
And, if there be; as Heathen men affirme,
Some godlike sparks in mans diuining soule,
Then my propheticke spirite tels me true,
That some sad newes attends my steps in Wales.
I long to heare what mischiefe, or what good,
Hath hapned, since I parted from the King.

Enter Morion.

Morion. Oh father, father, sfoot, I sweate, as if I had been
buried in a Tunne of hote graynes.

Morg. Come you Coxecombe, leaue your proclamati-
ons and your preambles, and tell her the naked truth.

Morion. My Father knowes all.
Indeed, father, the naked truth is, that the Fayry Queene
robd me of all my clothes; you might haue seen me as poore
as an Open-arse. But I can tell you newes; the King is
poysoned; Lord Codigune crowned; The Lady Guiniuer, &
the young Gentlewoman imprisoned.

Morgan. But harke you me, sonne *Morion;* is all this true,
or inuented of her owne foolish pates and imaginashions?

Morion. Why, I pray you, father, when did you heare a
Gentleman of Wales tell lyes?

Morgan. Her tell her true in that; tis the prauest Nati-
on vnder the Sunnes for that. Harke you me, sonnes; be Cad,

W E L S H M A N .

it is a great teale petter to be a thiefe, then a lyar, I warrant her.

Gald. What, Royall Prince, can chaunce predominate
Ouer a mind, that, like the soule, retaynes
A harmony of such concordant tunes?
No sudden accident should make to iarre.
This tenement of clay, in which our soule
Dwels in, vntill the Lease of life indures,
Of learned men was well called, *Microcosme*,
Or, little world: ouer whose mortall parts
The starres doe gouerne, whose immortall power
Sometimes begets a fatall birth of woe;
Sometimes againe inuerts their sullen course
To vnxpected Reuels, turnes our Criticke howres
To Cricket iermitt; yet is there meanes that barrs
Their hatefull influeunce. Wisdome rules the starres.
You haue lost a Father: Use the Athenians breath,
Graue Solons; No mans happy vntill death.

Cara. Oh, louing Prince, thus the Physician speaks
To the disordered Patient: thus healthfull Arte
Conferres with wounded Nature. Tis a common tricke,
Men being sound, give Phisicke to the sicke.
Fayre Prince, misconster not my discontent;
I grieue not, that *Ottawian* is deprived
Of life; but that he hath exchanged
His life, for such a miserable death.
What villaine, but a prodigie of nature,
Ingendred by some Comet, would haue forst
His aged soule to wander in the ayre?
Bearing a packet of such ponderous sinnes,
Would cracke the Axel-tree of heauen to beare.
And not haue giuen him liberty to pray?
But I am armde with patience. First with words
Weele secke to conquer; and if not, by swords.
March round; I heare their Drummes.

THE VALIANT

ACTVS 3. SCENA 3.

Enter Codigune, Gloster, Cornwall, with
colours and souldiours.

Codig. Now, Caradoc; what ist thou canſt demaund?

Morg. Cousin Caradoc, I pray you hold her peace a little.

Codig. Ile hearc no mad men speake.

Morg. Cads blu-hood, take her for Bedlems, & mad mens?

He offers to strike him.

Cara. Be patient, Cousin. Codigune, in briefe,
I come to clayme my right, that thou vſurpest,
And by ſinifer meanes, blacke as thy ſinnes,
Hast basely ſtolne: ſurrender firſt my wife,
My ſister, and the Kingdome of Southwales;
Or by the gods, to whom I ſtand obliged,
In ſacred bonds of Orizons and thankes,
For life and motion: if thou refufe to doe it,
Or moue that bloud boyles within my veynes,
At the memoriall of thy helliſh ſinne,
Ile teare the Crowne from off thy cursed head,
And eyther die my ſelfe, or ſtrike thee dead.

Cod. Caradoc, thou claymest South-Wales of vs.
Nor that, nor wife, nor ſister ſhalt thou haue;
But if thou longſt for any, aske a graue:
The high-fwolne pride of Maiefty and loue,
Brookes no competitors; its thus decreede,
Who ſhares with them, muſt for the booty bleed.
Ech Planet keeps his Orbe, which being resign'd,
Perhaps, by greater lights would be outſhinde.

Car. Sweet Patience, yet instruct my young awhile
To ſpeak the language of a temperate ſoule.
Codigune, marke vwhat Ile offer thee:
Since that the wrongs, which basely thou haſt bred,
Cannot be reconciled, but by the death

Of

T W E L V E M A N

Of millions, that must suffer for vs two; And we the authors of what wars and bloud
Shall in her frantike outrage lauish out; (For tis a thing that honour scornes to doe,
That multitudes should perish for vs two;) Thou art a man, if actions like thy words,
Be but proportionable, that disdaynest To fight with crauen basenesse all eu'ry odds:
Nor doe I thinke thy honour so profuse,
That guiltlesse men should bleed for thy abuse:
Then, if thou darest: And once more to augment
Thy Bastard courage, againe, I dare thee fight,
Euen in a single Monomachy, hand to hand:
And, if by chance (as man is noughe but chance) Thou conquerest me, I Will become thy slave,
Confirm me right to thee, and to thy heyness,
And if I overcome, doe thou the like:
How sayest thou? Will thou accept this offer?
Cod. It pleases me, and here in sight of heauens,
By all my hopes of immortality,
I will performe what thou hast brauely spokē,
I loue thee for thee honourable resoun,
And will as fearelesse encheare in this fight,
As a good conscience doth the etacks of loue.

Cara. Then as we are, Souldiers, beginne yround,
And let no man stirbe thee combatants,
Till one, or both, fall to the earth: soe
For thus be vwell assyzed, the cause being right,
Immortall spirits doe for usse sayle.

They fight at Poleaxe, Cod. Come we unto our greate
Gow. Then Prince, you are to
Lye downe and delere, with usse our owne
Glof. Now, Glosfer, sic and smide thy heade with shame,
Morg. Ode blude hood, prouide thyselfe for calling
Cara. Rise, he spake thy selfe, when Cawdor shal be led away.

THE VALIANT

Reuenge sufficient for thy damned facts;
For to a seared conscience these doe well,
Long life, mens hate, and a perpetuall hell.
Yet, that thou mayest liue, to attone thy soule
Vnto the angry heauens, I freely giue
The Kingdome of North-Wales for terme of life,
To thy dispose; onely reseruing tribute to my selfe,
In iust acknowledgement of me and mine.

Cod. Know, *Caradoc*, since by the chance of war,
I must be forst to render vp that right,
That like a slauē I might haue kept by might,
I scorne thy gifts, and rather chuse to liue
In the vast wildernes with fatall Owles,
Free from the malice of base buzzard Chaunce,
And there in husht vp silence rauing goe;
Then earth, except be hell, no place so low.
Then with high almes, *Aside.* Ile to the Romanes, and there plot, pell mell.
Vessells that once are seasoned, keepe their smell.
Welshmen, farewell; and *Caradoc* adieu;
Vnder the heauens, we haue no foe but you. *Exit.*

Cornewall. Now Royall Prince, since happy victory
Hath set a period to a bloody fight, *Aside.* *Cornewall*, in humble manner, here presents
Himselfe and seruice to your Princely Grace.

Car. *Cornewall*, although thy actions not deserue
The least respect of vs, in taking part
With the aspiring Bastard, and the rest
Of his adherents; yet we doe omit
All former iniuries, and reunite
Cornewall vnto our loue.

Corn. Then Princes, joynē with *Cornewall*; and iunthrone
True honour and deserts, with what's her owne.

Ascend your Chayte, fayre Prince.

The Trumpet flourish, omnes. They crowne him.

Omnes. Long liue *Caradoc*, King of Wales.

Car.

W E L S H M A N.

Cara. We thanke you Princes. This being done, weele see
Our beautious Queene and sister both set free.

Enter Gloster solus.

Now, *Gloster*, in this still and silent wood,
Whose vnfrequented pathes do lead thy steps
Vnto the dismall eauë of hellish fiends;
With whom, a Witch, as vgly to confront,
As are the fearefull Furies she commaunds,
Lives in this solitary vncouth place;
Begin thy damned plots, banish that thred-bare thought
Of Vertue,
Which makes vs men so senselesse of our wrong,
It makes vs beare the poysen of each tongue.
No, *Gloster*, no; he, whose meeke bloud's so coole
To beare all wrongs, is a religious foole:
Or he that cannot finely knit reuenge,
Like to *Aracne*, in a curious web,
May wounds still fit a Nightcap for his head.
Since I am forst to flie with soule disgrace,
And since of gods or men no hope I finde,
Ile vse both hell and Fiends to ease my minde.
Here dwels a famous Witch, who, with her sonne,
As blacke in arte, as arte it selfe is blacke,
Both memorable for their Magickeskill,
That can command sterne vengeance from beneath
The center of the earth, for to appeare
As quicke as thought. To her Ile tell the tale
Of my reuenge; and with the golden Chimes
Of large rewards, inchaunt her hellish eares.
And see: their moistrous shapes themselves appereas.

Actus 3. SCENA 4.

Enter the Witch and her sonne from the Cauë.

Gloster. Thou famous Mistresse of the vñknown depths
Of

THE STUDENT.

Of hell infernal forces, of right appread about
Shall a deitie, terrible to see, come downe,
Chafed from the confines of his nether land,
By vnooyg opposition, and iniurie, -
Dignace, couerage, and coueritury,
Gone for redresse from thy tormentors, - and
With Glafer, I knowe these wel, although I feare
Thou comest to curse our helpe, for thy revenge.
Graunt Corin, who now haue I nequid
The Balafrd Culver in fangle fight.
Know Glafer, that our self
Commande the Moone drop from her silver sphere,
And all the staires to vayne their golden heads,
At the blacke horrore take our Chaires present.
After throwes downe the twinkling Arch of heauen,
And leavens his barches at our dreadfull spels,
This pendant element of cloudes earth,
Shakes with amasing Earth quakes, as if the frame
Of this vast conuince wold leane her poles,
Neyme fweels bright, and with impetuous rage
Draunes the hanging Argofey, with his handes
Against the Chalchil burnes, and of desce
The troubled tyre appears in stales of fire,
There, till about the tyres circumfrent,
We make the upper Region
Thicke, full of fayall Coates, and the flie,
Is fide with fayre figures of arm'd men,
Hell roares, when we are angry, and the Fonda,
As sciele-boyes, tremble to our Charming rod,
Thus, when we are displeased, or malecontent,
Both hell obeys, and every Element.

Glister. Thou marchest i' wonder, wretched, by thy sentence,
And by the triple Banes, and the porvers
Yer Charmes adore, Ile load you wth a weight
Of gold and silver, all for ay No more.

longer, green, foot of 200, 300; for 200, 1000. 2000. 2000.

THE VALIANT

Of hells infernal secrets, oh yhat rovvard? O
Shall a dejected, miserable man, but one O
Chased from the confines of his native land,
By vvrong oppression, and insulting pride? O
Disgrace, contempt, and endlesse infamy,
Giue, for redresse from thy commanding arte?
Witch. Glesther, I know thee wel, although disguised
Thou comest to crave our helpe, for thy reuenge
Gainst Caradoc, who now hath vanquished
The Bastard Codigine in single fight.
Know Glesther, that our skill
Commaunds the Moone drop from her siluer sphere,
And all the starres to yavle their golden heads,
At the blacke horrour that our Charmes present,
Atlas throwes downe the twinkling Arch of heauen,
And leaues his burthen at our dreadfull spels,
This pendant element of solid earth,
Shakes with amazing Earthquakes, as if the frame
Of this vast continent would leauue her poles,
Neptune swells high, and with impetuous rage
Dashes the haughty Argoscy with winds,
Against the Christall battlements of heauen,
The troubled ayre appears in flakes of fire,
That, till about the ayres circumference,
We make the vpper Region
Thicke, full of fatall Comets, and the skie
Is filde with fiery signes of armed men,
Hell roares, when we are angry, and the Fiends,
As schole-boyes, tremble at our Charming rod,
Thus, when we are displeased, or male-content,
Both hell obeys, and every Element.

Glesther. Thou matchles wonder, worke, but my reuenge,
And by the triple Hecate, and the povvers
Your Charmes adore, Ile load you vvit a vvaighe,
Of gold and treasure, till you cry, No more.

Inuent, great soule of arte, some stratagem,

Whose

W E L S H M A N.

Whose fame may draw him to these dismal woods.
No danger can out-dare his thirsty soule
In honourable enterprises he is a man,
Should hell oppose him, of such dauntlesse mettal,
That were but fame the end of his atchieuement,
He would as boldly cope with it, as with things
Of common danger.

Witch. Then *Gloster*, hark: Here in this dismal Groue,
By arte I will create a furious beast,
Mou'd by a subtil spirit, full of force
And hellish fury, whose deuouring iawes
Shall hauocke all the borderers of Wales,
And in short space vnpesone all his Townes.
Now, if he be a man that seeks for fame,
And grounds his fortunes on the popular loue,
Or Kinglike doe preferre a common good,
Before a priuate losse; this famous taske,
Whose fearefull rumour shall amaze the world,
Will egge him on: where being once but come,
He surely meetes with his destruction.
Sonne, to this purpose, straitway to thy booke,
Enter the Cau, and cal a powerfull spirit by thy skill,
Commaund him instantly for to appeare,
And with thy Charmes, binde him vnto the shape
Of a deuouring Serpent, whilst without
We doe awayte his comming.

Exit Magician.

Thunders and Lightning.

Now whirle the angry heauens about the Pole,
And in their fuming choler dart forth fires,
Like burning *Aetna*, being thus enraged
At this imperious Necromantike arte.
Dis trembles at our Magicall commaund,
And all the flaming vawtes of hells *Abisse*,
Throw forth sulphureous flakes of scorching fire.
The iangling hell-hounds, with their hellish guizes,

F

Daunce

THE VALIANT

Daunce damned rounds, in their infernall rage.
And to conclude, earth, water, ayre, and fire,
And hell grow sicke, to see mans arte aspire.
A generall enuy makes them malecontent,
To see deepe arte commaund each element.
See, *Gloster*, see, thinkes he, this monstrosus shape

Enter the Serpent.

Will not abate the courage of his foe,
And quell the haughty pride of *Caradoc*?

Gloster. Yes, mighty Artist, were he thrice inspirde
With more then humane courage, he may as soone
Conquer those matchlesse Giants, that were set
To keepe the Orchard of *Hesperides*,
Or match the labours of great *Hercules*.

Enter the Serpent. It thunders.

Witch. Goe shrowde thy horrid shape within this wood,
And seize on all thou meetst. Come, *Gloster*, in,
And here awhile abide within this Cauue.
Thy eyes shall see what thy vext soule did craue. *Exeunt*.

ACTVS 3. SCENA 5.

*Enter Ostorius Scapula, Marcus Gallicus, Manlius
Valens, Cessius Nasica, and Codigune in Armes.*

Ostorius. Now, valiant Romanes, once more do we tread
Vpon the bosome of the Bryttish ground:
And by the gods that doe protec^t great Rome,
Weele now acquite great *Cesars* foule disgrace,
Or die like Romanes in this forrayne place.

Marcus. Me thinks, it is a shame to Rome and vs,
That haue beene counted famous through the world,
For matchlesse victories, and feates of armes,
That such a petty land should repulse
So huge an army of the Romane strength,
Able to sacke the spacious walles of Troy.

To

W E L S H M A N .

To leuell Babels pride euen with the ground :
An Ile, that in respect of *Cesars* power,
Is like the Center, to the ample heauens;
A poynt, vnto a large circumference;
Small atomes, to the body of the Sunne.
Sure, this Welshman works by Magicke spels,
Or, tis impossible, if he be a man,
Compos'd of flesh and bloud, sinewes and nerues,
He should out-dare so puissant an host.

Codig. Great Generall, that which he holds, is mine ;
And though infor'st by violence and wrong,
From that which Nature left my heritage :
Yet, since I see such hopes, so fayrely sprung
From such an honourable head, as Rome,
Whose fame for honour, cheualry and armes,
Out-shines all Nations with her glorious rayes :
This *Caradoc*, whoni men doe cauſeſſe feare,
Is of condition insolent and proud,
Ambitious, tyrannous, speckled with euery vice
The infectious time can harbour. Say, we confesse him bold,
And of a courage that grim visag'd death,
The obiect of true valour, cannot daunt;
Though *Proteus*-like, he came in thouſand ſhapes,
What's he, compārde to numbers infinite?
Or that Imperiall Rome, whose Eagle eyes
Haue gaz'd againſt the ſunne of matchleſſe tryumphs,
Should basely feare a weake and ſilly Fly?
This Welshman is all ſuperficiall,
Without diſtions, and like a mountaine ſwels,
In labour onely with great ayry words,
Whose birth is nothing, but a ſilly Mouse;
Actions without their meaſure or their weight.
Then, Romanes, deroge not from the worth,
That time in ancient Chronicles records
Of your eternall honours got in warre.
But if you prize your honours more then life,

THE VALIANT

Or huinane happinesse, here's a noble cause
Of wrong and usurpation, to erect
A statuē to your dying memory.
Then on, great Generall, wauē the Romane Eagle,
Euen to the Tents of haughty *Caradoc*,

And with my bloud Ile second this braue fight,
Or hide my shame by death in endlesse night.

Oſtor. Brauely resolu'd. Ere long, assurc thy ſelfe,
Weele ſeatē thec in thy ancient dignity,
And force to *Ceſar* homage, and to Rome:
And, though we feare not one particular man,
Yet, for because we truely are inform'd,
That *Caradoc* is ſtrong and puissant,
For ten dayes wee intend to make a truce,
And in the meane time to make ſtrong our hoſte:
Which if he doe refuſe, the time expired,
To render vp thy right, which he detaines;
Warre, like ſome gnawing vulture ſhall attend
Vnto their finall ruine, and their end.
And to that purpose, *Marcus Gallicus*
Shall as a Legate both from Rome and vs,
Instantly giue them knowledge: the time's but ſhort:
And till the date's expirde, prepare for ſport. *Exeunt.*

ACTVS 4. SCENA 1.

Enter *Caradoc*, *Guiniver*, *Voda*, his ſiſter, *Mawron*,
Constantine, *Gald*, *Lord Morgan*.

Cara. Now, beautious Queen & ſiſter, though our tedious
In warlike Brytaiſie, hath beene the cause (absence
Of your imprisonment, yet, at our returne,
The gods in iuſtice haue repayde the wrong
Done to your beauties by base trecherie,
And forſt that damned instrument of ſinne,
To hide his baſtard head in endleſſe shame.

Then.

W E L S H M A N.

Then, Royall Queene, (for that's a stile besits
The royall vertues of such peerelesse lustre)
Ascend your Throne, vwhilest equally with me,
You part, vwith full applause, your soueraignety.

A flourish. Shee is crowned.

Omnes. Long liue *Queene Guinuier*, Queene of Cambria.

Guin. Thanks, Royall Lord. Oh, may these smiling stars,
That kindly haue conioynd each others loue,
And of two bodies louingly made one,
Crovyn all thy actions vwith a gracious looke,
And make thee fortunate in peace and vvarre.
Not all the trecherous complots of that Fiend,
Restraint of free ayre, close imprisonment,
Could with their strange appearances imprint
Such feeling Characters of sudden woe,
As your great conquest doth create nevv ioy,
And exultation of your dangers past.

Cara. Thanks, gentle Loue. Now sister *Vonda*,
The duty and the care that euer since
My reason could distinguish, and that fraternall loue
Nature imposed, that many Moones and yeeres
Haue beene imployde vnto the good I owe
Thy riper yeares, shall in this minutes space
Be full discharged: Therefore, thrice noble friend,
I giue vnto thy hand an Orient Pearle
Of more esteeme, then that, which at a health
Great *Cleopatra* did carouse in wine,
To Romane *Anthony*. Loue her well, sweet Prince;
Let it suffice; part of our Royall bloud
Runs through the chanels of her Azure veynes,
And that she is our sister.

Gald. Right noble Prince, when *Gald* in lieu of this
So Kingly and so rare a benefite,
(In whom the mirrour of bright Excellence
So cleare, and so transparantly appeares)
Forgets to honour thee or her in loue,

THE VALIANT

May he liue branded with some heauy curse,
Worse then oppression of the vviddowes right;
Or when I shall forget to offer vp
A sacrifice of my inimaculate loue,
Vnto thy beautious altar, let me haue
A base deformed obie&t to my graue.

Voda. And Princely Lord, may no delightsome gale
Of sweet content blow on this mortall state
Of what I now posseſſe, if from my heart
The deepe impression of my loue depart.

A Trumpet within.

Cara. Cousin *Morgan*, looke what Trumpet's this.

Morgan. I warrant her, tis for more knocks on the pate.
Romans call you her? Be Cad, scuruy Romanes, that can-
not let her alone, in her own Countries. Ile choke some
of her with cause bobby, or drowne her in hogsheads of
Perry and Metheglin.

He goes to the dore. Enter Marcus Gallicus.
I pray you, from whence come her?

Marcus. From Rome.

Morgan. From Rome! And I pray you, what a poxe ayles
her, that you cannot keepe her at home? haue you any
Waspes in her tayles? or liue Eeles in her pelly, you cannot
keepe her at home? Harke you me: I pray you, how toth
M. *Cesar*? toth he neede era parbour? Looke you now: let
him come to Wales, and her Cousin *Caradoc* shall trim his
crownes, I warrant her.

Marc. I vnderstand you not.

Morg. Cads nayles? Cood people, doth *Morgan* speake
Hebrewes or no? Vnderstand her not?

Cara. Now, Romane, for thy habit speaks thee so:
Is it to vs thy message is directed?

Marc. Yes, Prince. And thus the Romane General sayes,
If within ten dayes space thou wilt resigne
Thy Kingdome to the heyre, Lord *Codigine*,
From whom thou doest detayne it wrongfully,

Thou

W E L S H M A N.

Thou shalt haue peace : but if thou doest deny,
Sterne warre by force, shall force it presently.

Morg. Harke you now, Cousin, Cads blue-hood, if you
had beate out her praynes, you had peene quiet. Shesu, more
troubles and fex afshions! what a orld is this?

Cara. Dares that damn'd Traytour ope his hellish throat
Against our right? Or ist your Romane guize,
To backe blacke Treasons and conspiracies?
Embassadour, returne vnto thy Lord :
Within these ten dayes he shall heare from vs. *Aside.*
But by the gods that doe vphold the frame
And fabricke of the world, leſt it should fall
Vpon the head of that damn'd murtherer,
It shall be to his cost. Come, let's away.

Enter a ſhepheard running hauily.

Shep. O mighty King, pity thy peoples wrongs,
And ceafe the clamors of both young and old,
Whosē eyes doe penetrate the gates of heauen,
To looke vpon the tragicall mishaps,
And bloody ſpoyle of euery paſſenger.
Our ſheepe deuoured, our ſhepheards dayly ſlaine,
All by a furious Serpent, not farre hence,
Whom leſſe, great King, you doe preuent in time,
A timeleſſe maſſacre ouerruns your land,
And danger waiteſ, euen at your Palace gates,
And your ſelfe's as incident to death,
As euery common Hynde it hath deuoured.
Therefore delay not, mighty Soueraigne.

Cara. A Serpent? where? when? how caime it thither?
Ile not demurre, ſhepheard, leade on the way.
Ile follow thee. There's danger in delay.
Come, Cousin *Morgan*, goe along with vs.
Princes, farewell awhile.

Morgan. Cads blue-hood, fight with Teuils. I warrant her,
some

THE VALIANT

Some Embassadors from Belzebubs shortly. Here's a great
teale of sturres. I pray Cad plesse her from Teuils. They are
a great teale worse then Marshall men, and Bum-Bayly.
From all of them, Cood Lord deliuer her. I come,
Cousin.

Guiniver. Good Angels guide thy dangerous enterptise,
And bring thee backe, with conquest to thy friends.
Some powerfull Spirit houer ouer the head
Of my deare Lord, and gard him from the rage
Of that fell Monster. Come, Princes, let's away.
A womans feares can hardly stint or stay.

Exeunt.

Manet Marcus Gallicus. He looks after Vonda.

Marcus. I haue not seene a beauty more diuine,
A gate more like to Junoes, Queene of heauen.
I cannot tell; but if there be a Cupid,
Arrowes and flames, that from the sacred fires
Of loue and passion, that fond men inspries
With desperate thoughts, kindles our vain desires:
Then in this brest their locall place must be.
Oh Loue, how powerfull is thy Deity,
That binds the vnderstanding, blinds the eye!
Yet here's an obiect for the eye so rare,
Deceyt can ne're beguile, it is so fayre.
This chase Ile keepe, and eyther winne the game,
Or lose the golden Fleece vnto my shame.

Exit.

ACTVS 4. SCENA 2.

Enter Shepheard, Caradoc, Morgan.

Cara. Now, shepheard, are we yet within the ken
Of this fell monster?

Sheph. Not yet, my Lord: and yet, me thinks, this place
should not be farre.

Car.

W E L S H M A N .

Cara. Then here weeble stay: it may be, being hungry,
The dreadfull monster now vwill secke his prey, *Enter*
And range towards vs. Come, let's walke about. *old man.*

Old man. Stay, ventrous Prince, and from an old mans
Receyue the meanes, that sacred heauens decree, *(hand,*
To rid thy Land from this perplexity.
No force of sword can conquer hellish fiends,
By blacke enchantments made to take thy life:
Thou maist with greater ease cleave rocks asunder,
Or with thy hands breake Adamants in twayn,
Which nought but bloud of Goates can mollifie,
Then pierce the skales of this infernall Monster,
About thee take this precious soueraigne herbe,
That *Mercury* to wife *Ulysses* gaue,
To keepe him from the rage of *Cyrces* charmes.
This precious herbe, maugre the force of hell,
From blackest sorcerry keepes sound and well.

Farewell, great Prince. *Exit.*

Cara. Thanks, gentle Father. And see, the Serpent comes.

Enter the Serpent. Caradoc shewes the herbe. The Serpent
flies into the Temple. Caradoc runs after. It thunders.

Now Caradoc, pursue this hellish Fiend.

Ho drags the Magician out by the heeles.
Cursed Imposter, damn'd Ingiuer of plots,
As blacke in cursed purposes, as night,
When by your hellish charmes, she mournes in blacke
And fable vestments; tell me, thou sonne of darkenesse,
Where that Inuentor of mischievous ills
Gloster remaynes.

Bluso. There in that caue: but he is fled from thence,
And being frantike with the horrid sight
Offearefull apparitions, in despaire
Runnes vp and downe these solitary Groues,
Where shortly Furies, with their diuelish haunts,
Will leade him to a sad and violent death.

Cara. Wert thou the authour? tell vpon thy life.

G

Bluso. No,

THE VALIANT

Bluso. No, Prince: for in this horrid Cau^e
There liues my aged mother, deepe in skill
Of Magicke Exorcismes, as the art it selfe
Exceeds the boundlesse depth of humane wit.
With her the Earle conspirde, to draw you hither
By this inuention.

Cara. Rise, come forth, thou vgly Hagge, from thy dark^e
Cell. *He plucks the Witch out by the heeles.*
Cousin *Morgan*, throw her into the flames
Of the burning Temple.

Hee carries her, and throwes her in.
Morgan. I warrant her. By shesu, tis a hote whore.
Cara. On this condition doe I giue thee life,
That first, if such an heilish art as this
May serue to vertuous vses, then direct
The scope of all thy f^kill, to ayde poore men,
Distrest by any casualty or chance,
And specially our friends.

Bluso. This *Bluso* vowed to keepe inuiolable.
Cara. Come, Cousin *Morgan*, Kings in this are known,
That for their subiects liues, negle^ct their owne.

ACTVS 4. SCENA 3.

Enter a company of Rustickes bearing the body of Gloster.

Cara. How now, Sirs, what heauy spectacle affronts our
eyes?

Clowne. Come, my masters, every man his part, hee shall
be examined, ere we part with him.

Neighb. Tis fit, neighbour, for he that has no more care
of himselfe, what will he haue of another fellow?

Cara. Whose body is that, my friends?

Clown. Tis not a body, Sir, tis but a carkase, sir, some
Gentleman it seemes; for if hee had beene a poore man, that
labours for his liuing, he would haue found somewhat else
to

W E L S H M A N.

to doe, and not to haue hangde himselfe.

Cara. Alacke, alacke, a wretched case.

Clown. Nay truly, neuer bestow pity on him, that could not pitty himselfe.

Bluso. Tis *Glosters* body, noble *Caradoc*.

Cara. A *Traytors* body, then heauens iustice showne,
That in contriuying mischefe for his owne.

Mor. If his head were taken from his shoulders, 'twere very well, and poale his head on a high cragge.

Clown. You may poale his head here, if it please you, but truely it is not worth the labor, for it is a fleece of the lovv-
est haire that euer was hanged.

Morg. You are a prattling *Coxcombe*, I would haue his head mounted on a poale, for all false knaues to see and behold.

Clow. Why sir, you may see it now, and the rest shall see it hereafter.

Mor. The rest sir, mercy vpon vs, doe you reckon me a false knaue? by *S. Danie*, I will melt a stome of tallow from your kidneyes.

Cara. Nay, good Sir *Morgan*.

Morg. Pray you Cousin, let me goe.

Clow. Let your Cousin, let him come, you shall haue dig-
gon of *Chymrade*, I warrant you.

Morg. Harke you, harke you Cousin, he speakes Brittish,
by shesu, I not strike him now, if he call mee three knaues more. God plesse vs, if he do not speake as good Brittish,
as any is in *Troy walles*. Giue me both your right hands, I
pray you, let vs be friends for euer and euer.

Clown. Sir, you shall be friends with a man of credit then:
for I haue a hundredth pound in blacke and white, simple as
I stand here: and simple as I stand here, I am one of the
Crowners quest at this time.

Omnes. I, for, simple as we all stand here, wee are no lesse
at this time.

Clown. And it may be, as simple as we are here, if we say,

THE VALIANT

he shall be buried, he shall, and if we say not, it may not be
neyther.

Morg. But he is dead, whether you will or no.

Clo. Not so, for he died with my good will, for I never
wept for him.

Morg. And his body shall be dust, whether you wil, or no.

Clo. It may be not neyther, as in our wisedomes we shall
conclude, perhaps weele burne him, then he shall be burned
to ashes.

Mor. By S. *Danies*, it is very true.

Clo. For anter, not so neither, weele sell him to the Apothecaries
for mūmey. For anter not so neyther, it may be weele
hang him vp for the Crowes meats, and then he shalbe tur-
ned to that that fals vpon their heads, that has no new
clothes at Whitsontide.

Morg. Hold your tongue there, I beseech you.

Clo. You must take it as it fals, and as the foolish Fates, and
so the quest decrees.

Car. Leauc it to themselues, they cannot dispose too ill of
the remainder of so blacke a villaine. Our hidious worke is
done.

Exit Caradoc & Morgan.

Manent Rusticks.

Clo. My masters, and fellow questren, this is the point
we are to search out the course of law, whether this man
that has hangde himselfe, be accessary to his own death or
no.

1. *Nei.* Tis a hard case burlady neighbors, to judge truly.

2. *Nei.* Sure, I do thinke he is guilty.

Clo. Take heed, your conscience must be vmpler in the
casē. I put this point to you, whether every one that hangs
himselfe, be willing to die or no?

2. *Neig.* I, I, sure he is willing.

Clo. I say no, for the hangman hangs himselfe, and yet he
is not willing to die.

3. *Neig.* How dos the hangman hang himselfe?

Clo. I mary dos he, sir, for if he haue not a man to doe his
office

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office for him, he must hang himselfe: *ergo*, euery man that hangs himselfe is not willing to die.

1. *Neigh.* He sayes very true indeed: but now sir, being dead, who shall answere the King for his subiect?

Clo. Mary sir, he that hangd his subiect.

2. *Nei.* That was himselfe.

3. *Neighb.* No sir, I doe thinke it was the halter that hangde him.

Clo. I, in a sort, but that was, se offendendo, for it may be, he meant to haue broke the halter, and the halter held him out of his owne defence.

1. *Neigh.* But is not the Ropemaker in danger that made it?

Clo. No, for hee goes backward, when tis made, and therefore cannot see before, what will come after; neyther is the halter in fault, for hee might vrge the halter, *nolens volens*, (as the learned say) neyther is he in fault, because his time was come that he should be hanged: and therefore I doe conclude, that he was conscious and guiltlesse of his owne death: Moreover, he was a Lord, and a Lord in his owne precinct has authority to hang and draw himselfe.

2. *Nei.* Then neighbour, he may be buried.

Clo. Of great reason, alwayes he that is aliue must die, and he that is dead must be buried.

2. *Neigh.* Yet truly in my conscience, he dos not deserue to be buried.

Clo. Oh, you speake partiously neighbor *Crabtree*, not deserue to be buried? I say, he deserues to bee buried aliue that hangs himselfe.

3. *Neig.* But for his clothes neighbour.

Clo. His clothes are the Hangmans.

2. *Neigh.* Why then he must haue them himselfe.

Clo. This is a shrewd poynt of law, this might he do now, because he would saue charges, and defeat the Hangman: this must be well handled, did he make a Will?

o.1

G 3

3. *Neighb.*

THE VALIANT

3. *Neigh.* No, he died detestable.

C. Why then, they fall to his right heyre male, for a female cannot inherite no breeches, vnlesse she weares them in her husbands dayes.

1. *Neigh.* But where shall we finde him?

C. Tis true, well then for want of issue, they fall to the chiefe mourner; I will be he to sau you all harmeles, I will take his clothes vpon mine owne backe, I will begin with his cloke, do you take euery man his quarter, and I will follow with dole and lamentation.

2. *Neigh.* Then thus the verdict is giuen vp.

Clow. I, I.

3. *Neigh.* Alas Neighbour, how mournfully you speake already!

Clow. It is the fashion so to doe.

Clown. Beare vp the body of our hanged friend,
Silke was his life, a halter was his end:
The Hangman hangs too many (gracelesse else)
Then why should any man, thus hang himselfe?
If any aske, why I in teares thus swimme?
Know, I mourne for his clothes, and not for him.

Exeunt.

ACTVS 4. SCENA 4.

Enter Bardb, or Chorus.

Bardb. Thus haue you seen a man, whose daring thoughts,
Euen hell it selfe, the treasury of terrours,
Whose very shapēs make Nature looke agast,
Cannot outface. Now once more turne your eyes,
And view the sudden mutabilitieſ,
That wayte vpon the greatest fauourite
That euer Fortune fauourde with her loue,
Sterne *Caradoc*, vertuously returnd,

No-

W E L S H M A N.

Hoping to see his beautious Queene and friends,
His sister *Voada*, whom he had left
With trecherous *Cornwall*, who villain-like betraide
The Towne and *Voada*, as yet a mayde,
Vnto the hands of *Marcus Gallicus*,
Sonne to the Romane General, who, as we saw,
Was farre inamor'd of that warlike Dame,
And to the Romane Band conducts her safe,
Whilst *Gald*, her husband, flies to saue his life,
And in disgiuise, seekes the Magician forth,
Intreating him by prayers, fighes and teares,
To helpe him by his Arte, whilst *Caradocs* fayre Queene,
Together with her daughter, made escape,
And fled vnto her Lord, who being enraged,
His manly courage doubled his resolute,
The Romane hoste pursuing of his Queene
And her young daughter. Who, when *Caradoc* espide,
Arm'd with a strength inuincible, he fought
In single opposition 'gainst an hoste:
Which famous battell, because histories,
Aboue the rest, to his imminortall fame,
Haue quoted forth, willing to giue it life
And euerlasting motion, with the rest
Shall be in liuely Sceanes by him exprest.

Alarum.

A C T V S 4. S C E N A 5.

Enter *Caradoc* in haste, *Guiniver*, her daughter,
and *Morgan*.

Morg. Cads blue-hood, Cousin, take her to her heeles:
was neuer in such tanshes. Will her not sturre? why looke
you now, the Romanes come vpon her with as many men,
as Mercers keepe Wenshes; or Wenshes decayed shentle-
men. Harke you: Ile call her Cousin *Mauron*, and our Cou-
sin *Constantine*, and come to her presently.

Cara.

THE V.A.L.I.A.N.T

Cara. Damned Cornwall, mayst thou sink to hell for
Wrackt by the Furies on *Ixions* wheel, (this,
And whipt with steele for this accursed treason. *Alarum.*

Enter the Romanes with their Souldiours.

Ostor. Yeeld thec, proud Welshman, or weeble force thee
ycelde.

Cara. Art thou a Romane, and canst speake that language,
The mother tongue of fugitiues and slauces?
No, Romanes: spare thes two; and if I flie,
The Romane hoste shall beare me company.

*They fight, sometimes Caradoc rescueth his Wife, sometimes
his daughter, and killeth many of the Romanes, & at last,
they beate him in, and take his Wife and Daughter.*

Ostorius. Come, Lady, you must goe along with vs.

Guin. Euen where you will, if Caradoc suruiue,

My dying soule and ioyes are yet aliue.

Exeunt.

Enter Caradoc disguised in a Souldiours habit.

Cara. Fashion thy selfe, thou great and glorious light,
To my disguise, and maske thy sub till sight,
That peepes through euery cranny of the world;
Put on thy night-gowne of blacke foggy cloudes,
And hide thy searching eye from my disgrace.
Oh Cornwall, Cornwall, this thy trecherous act,
That hath eclips'd the glory of great Wales,
Shall to succeeding ages tell thy shame,
And honour sound, to heare of Cornewals name.
The gods with forked thunder strike thy wrong,
And men in shamefull Ballads sing thy fact,
That basely thus hast recompens't thy King.
But curses are like arrowes shot vpright.

That

W E L S H M A N .

That ofte times on our owne heads do light:
And many times our selues in rage proue worst.
The Foxe ne're better thriues, but vwhen accurst.
This is a time for policy to moue,
And lackey vwith discretion, and not rage.
My thoughts must now be futed to my shute;
And common patience must attend the helme,
And stere my reason to the Cape of hope.
At Yorke the noble Prince *Venusius* dwels,
That beares no small affection to our selfe,
To him Ile write a letter, whose contents
Shall certifie th'affaires concerne my selfe,
Which I my selfe in this disguyse will beare,
And sound the depth of his affection,
Which if but like a friend, he lend his hand,
Ile chase the Romanes from this famous land.

Exit.

ACTVS 4. SCENA 6.

*Enter Gald in a Shepheards habit, and Bluso
the Magician.*

Gald. Deare *Bluso*, thus farre haue my weary steps,
Through passages, as craggy as the Alpes,
Silent and vknowne wayes, as intricate,
As are the windings of a Laborynth,
Search't out the vncouth Cell of thy abode.
The Romane hoste haue seized my beautious wife,
And with the rude and ruggy hand of force,
As *Paris* kept bright *Hellen* from the Greekes,
Denying ransome, more like Canibals
Then honourable Romanes, keepe her still.
And neuer more shall *Gald* inioy the sight
Of his soules flourishing obiect, till thy fkill,
Exceeding humane possibilities,
Worke her enlargement, and my happiness.

H

Bluso.

THE VALIANT

Bluso. Fayre Prince, I were ingratefull vnto him,
That next to heauen, preserued, and gaue me life:
And more, by solemne othe I am obliged,
In forset of my soule, and hope of blisse,
To vse the skill I haue, to vertuous ends;
Amongst the which, this is the capitall.
Then doubt not, Prince, but ere this night be spent,
She shall be free, and you shall rest content.

Gald. Thanks, learned *Bluso*, this thy courtesie
Hath bound Prince *Gald*, in endles bonds of loue,
To thee, and to thy art. Now stretch thy spels,
And make the winds obey thy fearefull Charmes,
Strike all the Romanes with amazing terroure
At our approches: let them know,
That hell's broke loose, and Furies rage below.

ACTVS 4. SCENA 7.

Enter *Venusius, Duke of Yorke*, with other attendants,
and his wife *Cartamanda*.

Venu. I long haue mist those honourable warres,
Which warlike Ronie against the Bryttaines hold:
But since we heare, and that by true report,
And credible intelligence from many,
Who lately haue returned from the Campe,
That Wales and Rome begin fresh bleeding war,
I doe intend with speed to see the Army,
And pay my loue, as tribute vnto Rome.
But yet I grieue, that such intestine iarre
Is falne betwixt such an heroike Prince,
As is the King of Wales, and powerfull Rome.
The Romanes doe in multitudes exceede,
He, well instructed in true fortitude,
A Graduate in Martiall discipline,
And needs no Tutour: for in pupill age

He

W E L S H M A N .

He was brought vp in honours rudiments,
And learnde the elements of warlike Arts.
Then much I muse, why *Cesar* should beginne,
That scarce hath ended with the Bryttish warres;
Or who's the Author of these firebrands
Dissention thus hath kindled.

Cart. It may be, noble hys baud, the desire
Of Principality and Kingly rule,
As yet is boundlesse and vncircumscribde:
But if our reasons eye could see our selues,
That's neerest to vs, and not like prospectiues,
Behold asafarre off, great men were themselues:
Or, if like *Philip* King of Maccodon,
Whose boundlesse minde of soueraigne Maiesty
Was like a Globe, whose body circular
Admits no end, seeing by chance, the length
Of the impression, which his body made
Upon the sands, and onely by a fall,
Wondred, that such a little space contayn'd
The body, when the minde was infinite,
And in this Morall plainly did foresee
The longitude of mans mortallity.
But soft, what Souldiour's this?

Enter Caradoc disguised.

Cara. And't please you, Madam, from the King of Wales,
I bring this letter to *Venusius*,
Your Royall husband.

Venu. Come, souldiour, prithee let me see:
I long to heare from noble *Caradoc*. *He readeſ it.* T

Carta. Say, souldiour, cameſt thou from Wales?
What newes betwixt the Welshmen and the Romanes?

Cara. Madam, a glorious victory to Rome,
The Towne of Gloſter vildely being betray'd
By *Cornewals* complots and conspiracies,
Euen in the dead of night: and to augment
His Treasons to the height of his desert,

THE VALIANT

Euen in the absence of his Lord and King,
Whilest *Caradoc*, at his retурne, in rage,
Though single, and inuiron'd round with foes,
Fought like a Lybian Lion: But to conclude,
Not *Hercules* against a multitude.

And thus at ods was forst to flee the place.

Venu. Souldiour, come hither, where is *Caradoc*?

Cara. In Wales, my Lord, and stayes for your reply.

Venu. Souldiour, I wish, if wishes could preuayle,
Thy princely Master were with vs awhile,
Till all these cloudes of blacke contention
Were eyther ouerblowne, or else dissolued.
Fame hath not left a man, more fit for talke
Or disputation in bright honours scholes,
Then is thy noble Master. When I behold
His noble portrayture but in conceit,
Me thinks, I see the reall thing it selfe:
Of perfite Honour and Nobility,
And not fantastically apprehend
Onely the ayry fictions of the brayne.
I now repent, that thus long I haue spent
My honour and my time, in ayding Rome,
And thus far haue digrest from Natures lawes,
To ayde a forrayne Nation 'gainst mine owne.
Were but thy Master here, he soone should see,
He hath his wish, and Wales her liberty.

Caradoc puts off his disguise.

Cara. Then know, kind Prince, that thus I haue presum'd,
To put thy honoured loue vnto the test,
In this disguise, and with auricular boldnesse
Haue heard your tale of profest amity.
And noble friend, then here stands *Caradoc*,
Who now is come petitioner to thy ayde,
Betrayde vnto the Romanes by a villayne.
And whilst by dint of sword I fearelesse past,
Thorow the Legions of the puissant hoste.

My.

W E L S H M A N.

My Queene and daughter they haue prisoners tane,
Whose memory quickens my dangers past,
And adds new fuel to my bleeding soule.
Then, if thou beest not verball, but thy tongue
Is with a single string strung to thy heart,
All Wales shall honour thee and thy desert.

Venu. Braue Prince, as welcome to *Venusius*,
As sleepe to wearied Nature. But now the time
Fits not for fruolous complements. Awhile
Repose your selfe with me, where you shall be
As secret, as men would keepe their sinnes
From the worlds eye, whilst in the meane time, I
Prepare my forces. Wife, view this noble Prince:
This is that man, that, in despite of Rome,
This nine yeares space hath brauely waged warre,
And now by Treason's forst vnto his friends.
Then, wife, as thou doest tender our regard,
Respect this Prince, and keepe him priuately,
Vntill I doe returne. Farewell, noble Prince.

Exit.

Carta. Welcome, great Prince. Here thinke your selfe
As in a Sanctuary, from your foes. (secure,
My hus'band oftentimes hath worne out time,
Discoursing of your worths superlatiue:
And I am proud of such a worthy ghest.

Cara. Lady, I shall be troublesome: but ere long,
I hope once more to meet this trayterous host,
And seale my wrongs with ruine of my foes.
Fame wrongs the Romanes with these noble stiles.
Of honour, and vnsconded deserts.
These attributes are onely fitte for men,
That God-like should be qualified with hate
Of such infectious sinnes as Treasons are.
Weake-pated Romanes! what fidelity
Can be in Traytors, who are so vniust,
That their own Country is deceiued in trust?
Come, Madam, will you shew the way?

Exeunt.
ACTVS

THE VALIANT

ACTVS 5. SCENA 1.

Enter *Bluso the Magician*, and *Gald*.

Gald. Now, *Bluso*, thus farre haue wee by thy Arte,
Euen to their priuate lodgings, fearelesse past
Inuisible to any mortall eye.
But, *Bluso*, tell me, are we yet arriued
At our expected Hauen?

Bluso. This is her Chamber: here will we stand vnseene,
And yet see all that passe.
Tis almost dead of night: and now begins
Sleepe, with her heauy rod to charme the eyes
Of humane dulnesse. Here stand we yet awhile,
And in this silent time obserue the loue,
The Romane Generals sonne beares to your wife,
Who long hath borne the siege of his hote lust:
And now behold, like bloudy *Tarquin* comes,

Enter *Marcus Gallicus*, with a candle in his
hand, and his sword drawne.
Being non-suted, to satisfie the heate
Of his insatiate and inmoderate bloud,
That boyling runs through his adulterous veynes.
A little while giue way vnto his practise,
And when we see a time, preuent his purpose.

Mar. Night, that doth basely keepe the dore of sinne,
And hide grosse murthers and adulteries,
With all the mortall sinnes the world commits,
From the cleare eye-sight of the morning Sunne:
Thou, that ne're changest colour for a sinne,
Worse then Apostasie, stand Centinel this houre,
And with thy Negroes face vayle my intent,
Put out thy golden candles with thy fogs,
And let originall darkenesse, that is fled
With Chaos to the Center, gard my steps.

How

W E L S H M A N .

How husht is all things ! and the world appeares
Like to a Churchyard full of dead.
Deaths picture, Sleepe, looks, as if passing bcs
Went for each vitall spirit, and appeares,
As if our soules had tooke their generall flight,
And cheated Nature of her motion.
Then on, vnto thy practise : none can descry
Thy blacke intent, but night and her blaske eye.

*He goes to her bed vpon the Stage, and
lookes vpon her.*

Behold the locall residence of loue,
Euen in the Rosie tinture of her cheeke.
I am all fire, and must needs be quencht,
Or the whole house of nature will be burnt.
Fayre Vonda, awake: tis I, awake. *He awakes her.*
Vonda, Am I adreamd? Or, doe I wake indeed?
I am betrayd. Fond Lord, what make you here
At this vnseasonable time of night?
Is't not inough that you importune
Each houre in the day? but in the night,
When every creature nods his sleepy head,
You seeke the shipwracke of my spotlesse honour?
For shame forbeare, and cleare a Romans name,
From the suspition of so soule a finne.
Perhaps youle say, that you are flesh and bloud.
Oh my good Lord, were you but onely so:
It were no sinne, but naturall instinct :
And then that noble name that we call man,
Should vndistinguisht passe, euen like a beast.
But man was made diuine, with such a face,
As might behold the beauty of the starres;
And all the glorious workmanship of heauen.
Beasts onely are the subiects of bare sence:
But man hath reason and intelligence.
Beasts soules die with them: but mans soule's diuine:
And therefore needs must answere for eche crime.

Marcus.

THE VALIANT

Marcus. Thy speeches are like oyle vnto a flame,
I must enjoy thee. If thou wilst yeeld to me,
Ile be thy friend for euer: but if denide,
By force I will attempt, what by fayre meanes
I cannot compasse. Besides, thou art my captiue,
And standst a fater for thy liberty.

Voadr. I, for my body: but my soule is free.

Gald. I can no longer heare these arguments.
Come, *Bluso*, helpe me to conuey her hence.

*They tumble Marcus ouer the bed, and take
her away.*

Mar. What Fury hath deprived me of my ioy,
And crost my bloud, euen in the heat of lust?
What, is she gone? Oh all you sacred powers,
Remit this sinne, vnacted, but by thought:
And by those heauenly patrones of chaste minds,
Vertue, like to my soule, shall wholy be
Diffused through euery member. Thus powers aboue
Doe, with vnknowne means, scourge vnlawfull loue. *Exit.*

Enter Cartamanda with her Secretary.

Carta. Already I haue posted to the Generall,
To tell him, *Caradoc* is in our hands,
And bid him make haste: for this, ere the day,
A womans wit shall serue for to betray.
And see, he comes. Welcome, thrice-honoured Lord.

Enter Generall with his Army.

Warily, Souldiours; there his Chamber is,
And he not yet abed. Beset him round.
What wars haue mist; a woman shall confound.

Exit.

The Generall dravnes the Curtaines, and finds

Caradoc a reading.

Ostorius. Now *Caradoc*, thy life is in our hands:
Behold, thou art ingirt with a whole hoste.
And couldst thou borrow force of beasts and men,

Thou

W E L S H M A N .

Thou couldst by no means scape.

Cara. What! Souldiours in euery corner set?
The Romane Generall, I am betrayde.
Inhosipitable woman, this with your sexe began:
The Serpent taught you to betray poore man.
When God, like Angels, man created first,
God man him blest, but weman most accurst.
And since that time, the chieffest good in wemen,
Is to beguile most men, and true to few men.
Yet Romanes, know, that *Caradoc* here stands,
In bold defiance, were you like the sands.

Ostor. Assault him then.

*They fight, and Caradoc beates and ouerthrowes
many of them.*

Ostor. Hold, noble Welshman.
Thou seest it is impossible to scape,
Hadst thou the strength of mighty *Hercules*,
If thou wilst yeeld; I vow by all the gods
That doe protec*Cesar* and mighty Rome,
By all the honours that the Romane power
Haue won, since *Romulus* did build their walls,
Because thou art a man vnparyaled,
Of honourable courage, Ile ingage
My life for thine to *Cesar* for thy freedome.
Cesar himselfe admires thy fortitude,
And will with honour welcome thee at Rome.
He is a King, whom basenesse never toucht,
And scorns to plucke a Lyon by the beard,
Being a carkafe. Speake, will you trust our oath?

Caradoc flings downe his Armes.

Cara. I take thy word, great Generall.
And thinke not, for any feare of death,
I prostitute my life to *Cesars* hands:
But for I know, *Cesar* is like a King,
And can not brooke a base mechanick thought:
But for to see those famous towres of Rome,

THE VALIANT

This golden Lion shall inlarge me soone.

Oſſor. Then, *Manlius Valens*, you ſhall beare him thither;
And for your gard, take the ninth Legion,
Surnameſ, The valiant: and by the way,
At London ſtayes his daughter, wife and brother:
Let them to *Cesar* beare him company. *Exit Caradoc.*
Farewell, braue Prince. Now Romanes once againe,
Seing the Welshmens glory is eclipt,
Let vs prouide to meet Lord *Morgan*,
And Lord *Constantine*,
Venusius, and the reſt that gather head,
And ſeate Prince *Codigune* in what's his right,
That now haue gathered ſtrong and fresh ſupply.
This battell ſhall adde honour to our name,
And with triumphant Lawrell crowne our fame. *Exeunt.*

A C T V S . S C E N A 3.

Enter *Venusius*, *Constantine*, and Lord *Morgan*,
with Souldiours in Armes.

Venu. Thus, noble Lords, *Venusius* armed comes,
In loue to *Wales*, and that much wronged Prince,
Who now at *Yorke*, liues priuate from his foes,
From whence we now will call him, and awake
His ancient courage, that long time hath ſlept,
Vpon the downy pillowes of repole.
Good Angels, guide vs: this our lateſt ſtrife
Shall ſet a period to our death or life.

Conſt. Me thinks, right noble Lord, yet I preſage
The horror of this battell we intend,
Will coſt a maſſe of bloud: nor doe I ſtand
Firmely resolu'd: and the leaſt ſparke of valour
Turnes to a Flame of Magnanimity.
Oh, were my brother *Caradoc* but here,
Our minds were made inuincible, all our thoughts.

Were:

W E L S H M A N .

Were fixt on warlike Musicke, or any thing
Beyond a common venter. And see, in time
Our princely brother, and our sister comes.

Enter *Gald, Bluso, and Voada.*

Welcome, deare brother, how escapte you danger,
And purchast such a happy liberty?

Gald. All that I haue, I freely doe ascribe
Vnto this learned man, whose secret Arte,
Beyond the strayne of deepe Philosophy,
Or any naturall science vnder heauen,
Possest me of this Iewell of my soule,
And through the Romane hoste inuisible,
Conuayde vs both safe, as you see we are.

Morgan. Harke you me, you remember our Cousin *Caradoc* and *Morgan*, do you not? Giue me your hands. Be *Cad*,
I shall loue the Teuill, til breath's in her pody, for this tricke.
Be *Cad*, he hath done more good then any Justice of Peace
this seuen yeres, for all her stocks and whipping posts. Harke
you me now.

Conist. Harke, harke, the Romanes march to vs with speed.
Now Royall Princes, thinke on our vilde disgrace,
Their Treasons, falshoods, and conspiracies;
And double resolution whet your rage.
Oh *Caradoc*, there's nothing wants but thee,
And now too late to buckle on thy Armes.
If in this bloody skirmish I suruiue,
Triumphs shall crowne the glorious brow of Wales.
Bastard, begot at the backe-dore of nature,
Cornewall the author of these bleeding wounds,
That many a wretch shall suffer for their wrongs.
Behold, we come arm'd with a triple rage,
To scourge your base indignities with steele.
Noble Prince *Gald*, here in our brothers stead,
Conduct our Army foorth as Generall.
Romanes, come on, your pride must catch a fall.

THE VALIANT

ACTVS 5. SCENA 4.

Enter *Ostorius, Marcus Gallicus, Cessius, Codigine, Cornewall with Souldiours.*

Ostor. Now Bryttaines, though the wrongs done to this
And to our selues, deserue a sharpe reuenge; (Prince,
Yet, for wee pitty the effusion
And hauocke that these cruell broyles intend,
Once more in peace we craue this Princes right,
Which your weake Army can no way detayne.
Perhaps you stand vpon the idle hopes
Of *Caradoc*: Know then, you are deceyued:
For hee's our prisoner, and to *Rome* is sent
With *Mantius Valens* to the Emperour.
Then yeeld your selues, or trie the chance of warre.

Gald. Then so we will, base Romanes.
Henceforth, in stead of honourable names,
Succeeding times shall brand your slauish thoughts,
With the blacke coales of treasons and defame.
Princes, since now you know the worst of all,
Let vengeance teach your valiant minds to mount
Aboue a common pitch, inspire your soules
With the remorselesse thoughts of bloud and death;
And this day spit defyance in the face
Of trecherous Roine, and thinke on this disgrace.

Codig. Stay, Prince, and let me speake:
Gald. Some Cannon shot raimme vp thy damned throat.
Peace, hell-hound, for thou singst a Rauens note. *Alarum.*

They fight, and beat in the Romanes.

Enter at one dore *Gald*, and at the other *Codigine*.
Gald. Well met, thou Fiend of hell, by heauen Ile die,
Or be reuenged for all thy treachery.

Codig. Weake Prince, first keep a dyet for a time,
To adde fresh vigour to thy feeble limmes,

And

W E L S H M A N.

And then, perhaps, weele teach thee how to fight. (Treason.

Gald. Villayne, the heauens haue strength inough against
They fight. *Gald killeth Codigune.*

Enter Cornewall at one dore, and Morgan at the other.

Morg. Cad plesse her. Cornewall, be Cad, you are as arrant
a Knaue, as any Proker in Longlanes. Harke you me, Ile fight
with her for all her treasons and coniurations.

They fight, and Morgan killeth Cornewall.

Morg. Fare you well, Cousin Cornewall, I pray you coni-
mend vs to *Plutoes* and *Prosperrines*, and tell all the Teuils of
your affinity and acquaintance, I thanke them for our Cousin
Gald.

Enter at one dore the Romane Standard-bearer of the
Eagle, and at the other dore, Constantine.

Const. Lay downe that haggard Eagle, and submit
Thy Romane Colours to the Bryttaines hands:
Or by that mighty Mouer of the Orbe,
That scourges Romes Ambition with reuenge,
Ile plucke her haughty feathers from her backe,
And with her, bury thee in endlesse night.

Standerd. Know, Bryttaines, threats vnto a Romane brest,
Swell vs with greater force, like fire supprest,
If thou wilt haue her, winne her with thy Armes.

They fight, and Constantine winneth the Eagle, & waueth it about.

Const. Thus, not in honour, but in foule disgrace,
We wau the Romane Eagle spight offoes,
Or all the puissant Army of proud Roine.

Enter Marcus Gallicus.

Marc. Proud Welshman, redeliver vp that Bird,
Whose siluer wings thou flutterest in the ayre;
The Veruels that she weares, belong to Rome,
And Rome shall haue, or Ile pawne my bloud.

Const. Romane, behold, euen in disgrace of this and thee,
And all the factious rout of trecherous Roine,
Ile keepe this Eagle; winne it if thou darest.

They fight, and are both slaine.

THE VALIANT

Enter Gald, Voda, Venusius, Morgan.

Gald. Sound a Retreat. This day was brauely fought.
Cornewall and Codigune, yvhose infectious breath
Ingendred noysome plagues of bloud and death,
With all the Romane hoste is put to flight.
Thus by the hand of heauen, our peace is vponre,
And all our foes sunke to confusion.

ACTVS. 5. SCENA 5.

Enter first the Pretorian bands armed; they stand in rowes:
then enter Mauron, Guinuer, her daughter Helena,
and Caradoc bound: they passe ouer the Stage.

Then enter Cesar, the Empresse, with
the Senate.

Cesar. Novv famous Rome, that lately lay obsurde
In the darke cloudes of Bryttish infamy,
Appeares victorius in her conquering Robes,
And like the Sunne, that in the midst of heauen
Refleets more glory on the teeming earth:
So fares it with triumphant Rome this day.
Bring forth these Bryttish Captiues: Let them kneele
For mercy, and submit to Cesar's doome.

Enter Mauron, Guinuer, her daughter, and
Caradoc: They all bende their knees
to Cesar, except Caradoc.

Cesar. What's he that scornes to bow, when Cesar bids?
Cara. Cesar, a man, that scornes to bow to Ioue,
Were he a man like Cesar: such a man,
That neither cares for life, nor feares to die.
I vvas not borne to kneele, but to the Gods,
Nor basely bovv vnto a lumpe of clay,
In adoration of a clod of earth.
Were Cesar Lord of all the spacious vworld,
Euen from the Articke, to the Antarticke poles,

And

W E L S H M A N.

And but a man; in spite of death and him,
Ide keepe my legs vpright, honour should stand
Fixt as the Center, at no Kings commaund.
Thou mayest as well inforce the foming surge
Of high-swolne *Neptune*, with a word retire,
And leaue his flowing tide, as make me bow.
Thinks *Cesar*, that this petty misery
Of seruill bonds, can make true honour stoope?
No, tis inough for Sicophants and flaues,
To crouch to Tyrants, that feare their graues.
I was not borne when flattery begd land,
And eate whole Lordships vp with making legs.
Let it suffice: were *Cesar* thrice as great,
Ide neyther bow to Rome, him nor his feate.

Cesar. So braue a Bryttaine hath not *Cesar* heard.
But soft; I am deceyued, but I behold
The golden Lyon hang about his necke,
That I deliuered to a valiant Souldiour,
That ransomlesse releast me of my bonds.
Great spirit (for thy tongue bewrayes no lesse)
If *Cesar* may intreat thee, kindly tell,
Where, or frōm whom hadst thou that golden lyon,
That hangs about thy necke?

Car. From *Cesar*, or from such another man,
That seem'd no lesse in power then *Cesar* is,
Whom I tooke captiue, (and so *Cesar* was)
And ransomlesse sent backe vato his Tents.
Then, if in all he like to *Cesar* be,
Cesar, I am deceyued, but thou art he.

Ce. But he that tooke me, was a common souldier.
Car. No, *Cesar*: but disguis'd I left my troupes,
Being forbidden by the Bryttish King,
To fight at all, and rusht into the hoste,
Where, from thy hands I tooke this golden Lyon.

Cef. Thy words confirme the truth. For this braue deed,
And kind courtesie shewed to *Cesar* in extremes,

We

TO WELSH
A MERICAN

THE VALIANT

We freely giue you all your liberties,
And honourably will returne you home
With euerlasting peace and quiete.
And this shall Cesar speake vnto thy Fame,
The valiant Welshman merits honours name.

Fleurish. Exeunt.

Enter Bardh.

Bardh. Tyme cuts off our valiant Welshmans worth,
When longer Sceanes more amply might haue shoune;
But that the Story's tedious to relate,
And we in danger of impatient ears,
Which too long repetition might beget.
Here leane we him with Cesar full of mirth:
And now of you old *Bardh* intreates to tell,
In good or ill, our story doth excell.
If ill, then goe I to my silent Tombe,
And in my shrowds sleepe in the quiet earth,
That did intend to giue a second birth.
But if it please, then *Bardh* shall tune his strayne,
To sing this Welshmans pryses once againe.
Bells are the dead men's amoucike:ere I goe,
You: Clappers found will tell me I, or no. *Exit.*

EPilogue.

We are your Tenants, and are come to know,
Whether the Rent we payde, hath pleas'd or no.
If no, our Lease is voide: but is your Lands;
And therefore you may seale it with your hands.



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